HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVI.—No. 1843.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1892.

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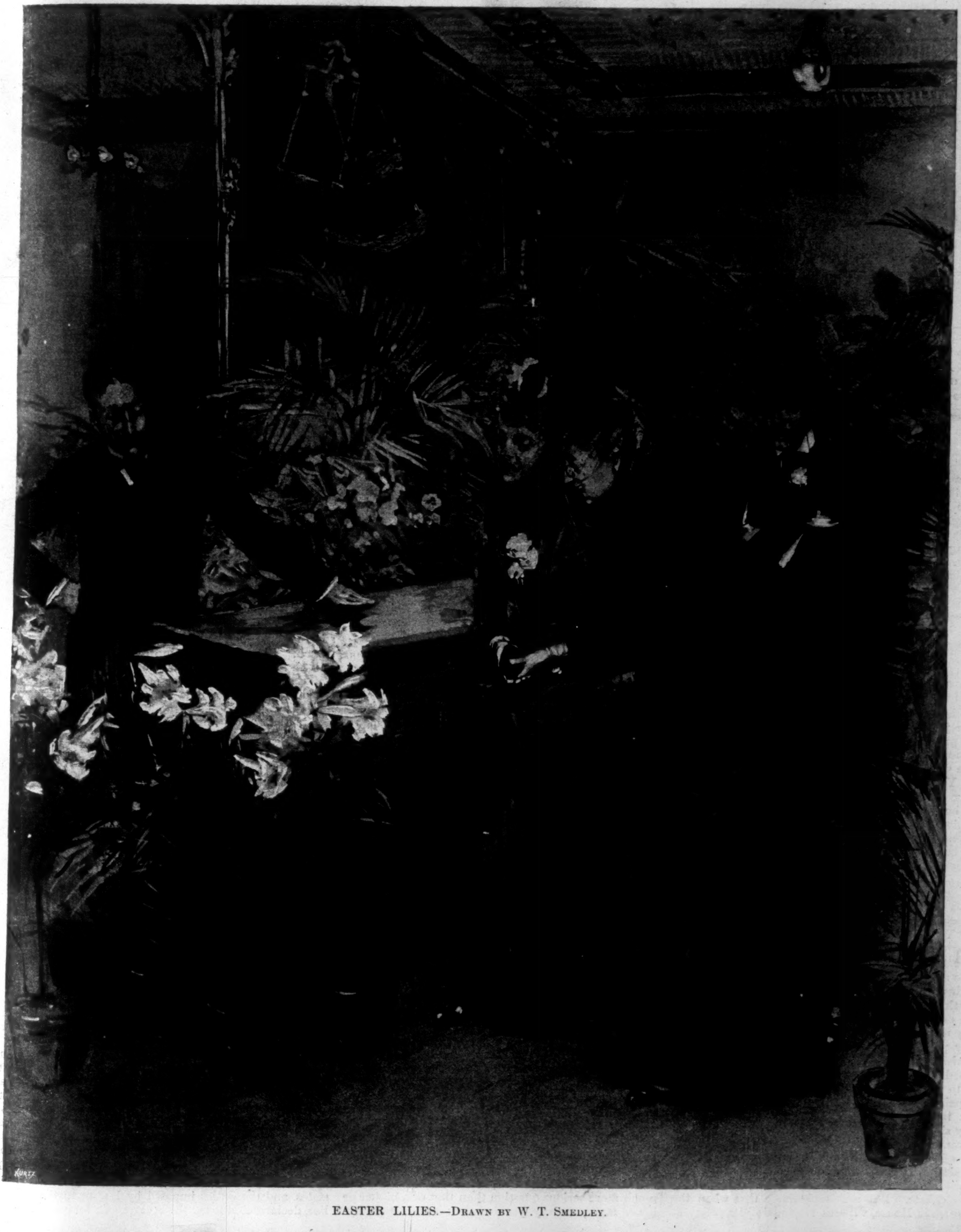

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1892.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW.

IV.—A THREE-YEAR-OLD CITY (OKLAHOMA).

The fourth paper in the series entitled "The West from a Car Window," by RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, *will be published in the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TAKING AN OBSERVATION.

IN a political campaign there is nothing more striking than the constantly changing impression of the probable result. To-day the nomination or election of a certain candidate seems to be almost certain; to-morrow, highly unlikely. How this fluctuating impression is produced, it is not always easy to say. The remark that a certain probable result is "in the air," means merely that no very definite reason can be given for believing it. The impression may be due to an unconscious observation of facts and opinions reported in the newspapers, or to a change in the tone of political quidnuncs. But whatever the explanation may be, nothing is more familiar than the phenomenon. Its latest illustration is the impression with regard to Mr. CLEVELAND, for which, however, substantial reasons may be adduced. A few weeks since a survey of the field in the light of probabilities and party precedents justified the conclusion that his nomination was practically impossible. Assuming that the electoral vote of New York must be secured, that his name would not be presented to the Convention by New York, and that he had been defeated in 1888, losing the vote of New York, it was a fair conclusion that he would not be the candidate.

This impression was greatly strengthened by the demonstration furnished by the action of his party that he was not its undoubted choice. The emphatic success of his Democratic opponents in the New York State election, and the defeat as Speaker of the House of Representatives of the candidate who was declared by his warmest supporters to be his representative, followed by the Democratic State Convention of New York, in which his name was not mentioned, and which unanimously instructed the delegation to support another candidate—all showed that he was by no means the certain candidate of his party. This conclusion was still more strongly enforced by the fact that other questions than that with which he was especially identified evidently interested his party more deeply, and showed it favorable to a currency policy to which Mr. CLEVELAND was uncompromisingly opposed. For a time this situation seemed to put his nomination out of the question, and to obscure completely the probable issues of the campaign. It had still another effect. It raised the very important question whether the Democratic party should be regarded simply as a party of tariff reform, or as a party of possible tariff reform, but also of a great many other things of no reform character whatever.

This question is not answered by the result of the silver debate. But it is undeniable that when the Democratic House, without renouncing its policy of free coinage, did not peremptorily authorize a great financial disaster, when some leading Democrats in New York, known to be devoted friends of Mr. CLEVELAND, organized a party protest against their party machine, and when the incredible HILL "boom" began to go to pieces, public opinion began to change, and although all the facts remain which made Mr. CLEVELAND'S nomination highly improbable from a party point of view, yet there is now a feeling that he may perhaps be nominated. It would not be a nomination, however, by a party united either upon the candidate or upon a policy. It would not assure the electoral vote of New York, because while Tammany and the machine would accept the candidate, it would understand that his election would not strengthen Tammany Hall. There would be no protest, but, on the contrary, loud declarations of party harmony. But he is a tyro in New York politics who would be deceived by this smooth surface. Nevertheless, Mr. CLEVELAND'S nomination would settle the issue of the campaign. The issue would be tariff reform, with the consciousness that during his term free silver coinage agitation would cease. On the other hand, his defeat in the Convention would discourage the large and powerful body of Democrats who see in Mr. CLEVELAND and his views and character the hope of their party. Another nomination would repel many independent voters, and, more than anything else, make Democratic defeat the probable result. This is the present prospect of the campaign.

RHODE ISLAND.

No more significant remark was made in the short and sharp canvass in Rhode Island than that of Mr. REED. "To think that in this year of our Lord we actually have to fight for the State of Rhode Island seems to me to have in it something of the element of the grotesque and the absurd." It is forty years since Rhode Island voted for a Democratic President. No State was more securely Republican, but it must be said also that the politics of no State have been more corrupt. Changes in the election law, however, and the instinctive good sense of a minority party, which is a party on its good behavior, have resulted recently in occasional Democratic successes, and the fact that this year the first State election was that of Rhode Island, that its Democratic Convention had taken Mr. CLEVELAND'S position upon the tariff and silver issues, and had instructed its delegates to the National Convention to support him, and that the campaign was conducted wholly upon national grounds, while the little State became a platform for the most eminent of national leaders and orators on both sides—all these things gave to the Rhode Island campaign unprecedented interest. How completely national questions absorb State interests was a fact again illustrated by the swarm of speakers from other States, who could not have spoken intelligibly to any merely local issue. The main object actually at stake, indeed, was not the Governorship of the State, but the Senatorship of the United States. The apparent question submitted to the voters was, shall Senator ALDRICH be re-elected?

But the interest in this question was subordinate to that in the national significance of the result. Republican success would mean not only the election of Mr. ALDRICH, but the manufacturing State first to vote in this year, after a brilliant and powerful presentation of the question of tariff reform, would have declared that the MCKINLEY tariff was not hostile to the interests of workmen who live by wages, and the decision would be of the greatest value to the prestige of the Republican party. On the other hand, Democratic success would signify that a manufacturing New England State, whose prosperity was declared to be founded upon protection, had rejected protection as a policy injurious to working-men, and that an old and sure Republican State had been carried by the Democrats upon an issue of which Mr. CLEVELAND is the especial representative. Had this been the result, the smallest State in the Union would have gone far to determine both the Democratic platform and the Democratic candidate. As "politics," however, and politics in Rhode Island, it seems to us a mistake to have rested the fight upon a national issue, and to have involved Mr. CLEVELAND in the result.

The Republicans carried the State, and Mr. ALDRICH will be re-elected Senator. He is a protectionist who is thoroughly master of the subject. Mr. MCKINLEY gladly acknowledges his valuable services in preparing the present tariff; and if the sentiment of Rhode Island, as the result of the election of the Legislature indicates, is strongly protective, it could have no fitter representative in the Senate. The worst aspect of the Rhode Island election is the usual assertion that it was decided by boodle. The uniform certainty with which this allegation is made after every important election shows the general belief of its probable truth, and the indifference with which the charge is received is a very alarming sign. The corruption which it implies is a much more serious question than that of a higher or lower tariff, or any particular measure or policy. The result in Rhode Island shows that there is no good reason to suppose that New England is likely to change her position in the great canvass of the year, and that neither party will "sweep the country."

THE CHINESE EXCLUSION BILL.

THE Chinese exclusion bill, which was "rushed" through the House, after a talk of half an hour, by a vote of 179 to 43, is described by a Democratic member who voted for it as "the toughest piece of legislation that ever passed the House." It prohibits absolutely the entrance of any Chinaman into the country, and practically, without discussion, without popular demand, without any sign of general public knowledge of such a purpose, arbitrarily abrogates treaties, and thereby invites China to expel summarily and at an enormous sacrifice of their interests the large American colony in China. Under the circumstances it must be regarded as an act of bad faith upon the part of the House, and, could the bill become a law, upon the part of the country. It is impossible, however, that the Senate should concur in such legislation or that the President should approve the bill, which would even forbid the return to this country of Chinese residents who had left it for any purpose, however large and valuable their pecuniary and other interests here might be. Although the Democratic party is responsible for legislation in the House, yet of the 43 negative votes upon the passage of the bill more than half were Democrats.

There is no question that the Chinese are the most undesirable of immigrants, because, with all their useful qualities, they cannot assimilate socially or politically or morally with Americans. But the artificial stimulation of Chinese immigration is wisely checked by existing laws, and the only excuse for the introduction of the new bill is that the existing laws will soon expire. Those laws, however, are serving their purpose, and there is no public reason for not continuing them, instead of substituting more stringent provisions. The old boast that America is the asylum for the oppressed of all races cannot be pleaded as a reason for permitting any kind and extent of immigration. If America is to offer the opportunity of fairer play for all men than is elsewhere practicable, it is to be done only by the most careful regulation of immigration. As American liberty does not mean individual license, so, also, it does not mean abandonment of the practical conditions of liberty. Other countries are not to be allowed to impose their duties upon us by transferring their swarming criminals and paupers to our shores, and for the same reason the refuse population of semi-civilized or barbarous lands is not to be thrown upon us.

But these are arguments for wise regulation, not for peremptory and unintelligent exclusion. The basis of sound legislation is common-sense. Nothing is so practical, because it is the fruit of experience. One of the very few remarks of one of the greatest of American orators which have passed into current speech is that of PATRICK HENRY, in his famous speech, "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience." The test of wise legislation is the public welfare, and if it be found that the public welfare requires entrance into this country to be regulated by laws, which are not in themselves immoral, such laws ought to be passed. But the headlong action of the House is an illustration of unintelligent zeal, which is due probably not to public but to mere political motives.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

THE value of the public work of one courageous man is shown in the results that have followed the arraignment of the city government by the Rev. Dr. PARKHURST. The fact that a clergyman in the pulpit made such charges, and that in the pulpit he alluded plainly to dens of vice in the immediate neighborhood of his church which it was the duty of the city government to repress, produced some harsh comment. But a man's character may be often estimated by that of his critics. If the best sentiment of his community condemns him, he may be wrong; but if not, he is pretty certainly right. Judged by that standard, Dr. PARKHURST has done a great public service. The presentment of the Grand Jury, substantially sustaining Dr. PARKHURST, and the closing of thousands of saloons and gambling-houses on the following Sunday, were also ample vindications of the timeliness and effectiveness of his work. The Grand Jury's presentment was moderate in tone, but very strong. It did not deny what is universally conceded—the splendid organization of the police, and its ability to cope with flagrant crime and disorder. But certain kinds of crime, such as the maintenance of gambling and disorderly houses and the violation of the excise laws, it declared to be very prevalent, and without interference by the police.

The Grand Jury, reviewing all the facts which it states, and the duties imposed by law upon the police, declares that it has the best reasons for condemn ing the action of the Police Department in these matters. The unanimous presentment of this subject ends in these words:

> "The present situation certainly warrants the condemnation of the Police Department in the matters above mentioned. The force is paid liberally for the work of enforcing the law. They do enforce the law in many respects in a superior manner; but if they be permitted to discriminate in favor of certain forms of crime for reasons well known to themselves, there is no telling where the same course will lead them to or leave the interests of our city. Circumstances and testimony offered have tended to show financial considerations in some cases for lax administration. Indeed, the publicity with which the law is violated, and the immunity from arrest enjoyed by the law-breaker, are inconsistent with any other theory. It is obvious that when a confession by a law-breaker of payment for protection would subject himself to penalties not only for his acknowledged crime, but also for bribe-giving, it is extremely difficult to collect trustworthy evidence in direct proof of such charges. It has been thought best at the present time to go no further than to make this general presentment, so that the courts and the residents of our city may be properly informed and warned against the dangerous evil that is in the midst of us."

The late report of the special committee of the Civil Service Reform Association upon the enforcement of the municipal civil service rules contains the results of a very careful investigation of the subject, especially in regard to the Police and Fire departments, which include sixty-seven per cent. of the city places. That report makes two important remarks. One is that "it can be safely stated that appointments are not based solely or principally upon the standing attained by the applicants." The other is that "it is openly charged and believed that all candidates for the police force are forced to submit to an assessment as a condition of appointment. There is nothing in the methods now employed that would make such a condition impossible."

If the statement of the report be correct—and there is no reason to doubt it—the sale of permissions to violate the law, as charged in the presentment of the Grand Jury, is most probable. If policemen must pay for their places, they will reimburse themselves in the same illicit way. But both the statements may be called minor generalizations. The major and comprehensive generalization is that so long as Tammany Hall controls the government of the city, that government will be corrupt, and so long as the Democratic party is responsible for Tammany Hall, the Democratic party will justly bear the blame. But neither the committee nor the Grand Jury condemn the innocent. The police, under the law, have the power of supervision and repression of certain houses. So long as they remain untouched, it is the police that is responsible, until it can disprove the statements of the Grand Jury, which are made upon copious testimony, and are universally believed. They are not charges against every individual policeman, but exposures, upon evidence, of a situation for which the police is responsible.

THE MASS-MEETING OF COLORED CITIZENS IN NEW YORK.

The late demonstration of feeling at the largest meeting of colored citizens ever held in the city of New York was an interesting illustration of the public situation. The treatment of negroes in some parts of the Southern States has usually been exposed and denounced by white Republican journals and orators. But a meeting of citizens of their own race to protest against the frequent wrongs practised upon them is unusual. The assembly was very large, and very emotional. But the chairman, the Rev. Dr. Derrick, is a man of discretion and of great influence among his brethren, who, however, in moments of excitement, was unable to control the crowd.

An address was read, and enthusiastically approved, which said, among other things:

> "We recommend that the race in the South maintain their trust in God, but we also recommend that they unite for mutual protection; that they seek to bring to their support and into public expression the opinion of that part of the white people in the South who are disgusted and who feel compromised by the lawless elements among them.
>
> "We urge Afro-Americans in the South to keep always within the law, to bring, as far as practicable, actions for damages against cities and against counties in which these lawless acts are allowed to occur by public officers, who are sworn to execute the law and to protect life and property.
>
> "We urge organization; we urge agitation; we urge the prosecution of every peaceful remedy; but we also advise our brethren to protect to the extent of their ability their defenceless fellows charged with crimes against the lynchers and midnight marauders, who are always brutal outlaws, and we advise our brethren to let it be known that endurance has a limit, and that patience under some conditions may cease to be a virtue."

And when, at the conclusion of a long list of outrages, Mr. Fortune asked, "What are you going to do about it?" the answer, "Fight!" burst in a tremendous shout from the whole multitude, and there was immense uproar for some minutes. Ex-Representative John R. Lynch, of Mississippi, denounced the new Constitution of that State, and said that those who supported the party that framed it sustained the wrongs that were done to colored citizens.

Mr. Fortune attempted to interrupt Mr. Lynch, and the excitement for some time threatened to end in a fight. After the combined efforts of the chairman and the band, the chorus of "My Country, 'tis of Thee," composed the meeting, which adjourned after hearing the rest of Mr. Lynch's speech, and appointing a committee to lay the address before the President, and to ask him to appeal to Congress to correct the personal wrongs of which complaint is made. The feeling of the meeting is not surprising, and although Congress and the laws can do little to assure a remedy, the perpetrators of the crimes complained of are not beyond the reach of public opinion acting upon the communities in which they live. What is called "the South," cannot be held responsible for the crimes. But a strong and urgent local protest and the prompt application of the local law to the criminals would soon restrain such outbreaks.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

The New York *World* took a peculiar interest in the Rhode Island election, and in one way, at least, illustrated the function of a newspaper. That function is to give important news as it is, not as the paper may wish it to be. But there is scarcely a party paper in the country which does not color and distort the news during a campaign in the interest of a party. A campaign is meant to be a discussion of public measures to enable the voters to decide what is best for the common welfare. In order to reach a decision, they must know the arguments on both sides. How many party papers professing to give the news either report the speeches of the other side or describe fairly the numbers, the enthusiasm, or the impression of its meetings?

But in the Rhode Island campaign, the morning after the great and culminating day when the chief orators on both sides spoke, the *World* gave a perfectly fair abstract of the chief speeches and of the actual circumstances of the meetings. The reader, whether Republican or Democrat, could detect in the reports no unfriendly animus toward either side, and could not have inferred from the reports whether the *World* was Democratic or Republican. Governor McKinley's argument for protection was faithfully sketched on one page and Mr. Cleveland's plea for tariff reform upon the other, while ex-Speaker Reed's Republican sarcasms sparkled in one column and ex-Governor Campbell's Democratic gibes enlivened another. A day or two later, alone, we believe, among all the New York newspapers, the *World* reported in full the important and carefully prepared speech of Secretary Tracy reviewing in detail and warmly praising the whole course of the Harrison administration, of which the Secretary is a distinguished part.

This is holding the mirror up to the times. Everybody knew that while both committees were "cheerfully confident of success" in Rhode Island, the contest was very close and the result very uncertain, and the reports of the meetings in the *World*, just to the facts on all sides, showed why the result was close and uncertain. If the party press at large should follow this excellent example during the national contest of this year, giving the real substance of the speeches and the real spirit of the meetings of both parties, the campaign would be truly "educational," and there would be fewer dwellers in a fool's paradise of certainty upon a very uncertain subject.

THE DEMOCRATIC HANDICAP.

The New York Democratic Legislature continues by its action to foster the strongest distrust of the Democratic party, and to show why independent voters in New York generally support the Republican State ticket. Mr. Platt may be a very bad man, and that Harper's Weekly does not regard him as a shining exemplar of political morality it has occasionally stated; but politics offer an alternative, and the voters of New York, in supporting the *régime* which now controls the State, took the sharpest horn of the dilemma.

The latest outrage of the Legislature is the passage of the Huckleberry bill, a project which authorizes a company to lay street railroads in the annexed district upon terms of immense advantage to them and of immense disadvantage to the public. The franchise of such enterprises is of very great value to the city, but it is given to a company of speculators without any consideration, and with privileges which lay an immense burden upon the tax-payers. But such burdens fall at last, like all taxes, upon the people who are not tax-payers, and such wantonly reckless legislation is really a crime against the people.

The present Democratic Legislature of New York rivals in shamelessness the old carpet-bag Legislatures in the Southern States as described by Democrats. The impression produced by it is that of a band of robbers who, with the assistance of honest citizens, have obtained possession of the law-making power, which they are abusing monstrously in order hastily to enrich themselves, conscious that they will be driven from their places as soon as the people can reach the ballot-box. The New York Legislature is as tremendous a handicap upon the Democratic party at the opening of the year's campaign as the House of Representatives in Washington.

THE GRANT MONUMENT.

The Grant Monument Association has been recently reorganized with enlarged powers from the Legislature, and with singular fitness, General Horace Porter, an intimate personal friend and companion of General Grant both in military and civil life, has been elected president. General Porter has taken hold of the work with characteristic intelligence and energy. He states briefly that when General Grant died, in 1885, the city of New York offered Riverside Park as the place of his burial, with reasonable assurance of a proper memorial, and in 1890, when it was proposed in Congress to remove his remains to Washington, the Representatives from New York strenuously opposed and defeated the bill.

New York, therefore, has assumed a moral responsibility in the matter. About $155,000 was contributed for a monument soon after General Grant's death; but calamities elsewhere, to the relief of which large sums were contributed, overbore this subject in the public mind, and after seven years, in which other cities have erected memorial statues and monuments, New York, which had solicited the sacred charge of his remains, permits them to lie in a temporary vault without a monument.

Yet such a memorial has been devised, and, as General Porter says, has been approved by a committee of distinguished architects and the public in general. The foundations are finished, the first course of granite has been put under construction, and on the 27th of April, the seventieth anniversary of General Grant's birthday, the corner-stone will be laid by the President of the United States with imposing ceremonies. Every large interest in the city has been invited to form an auxiliary committee to push the work of subscription vigorously and promptly within its own range. Many of them have already done so, and the good work has begun. The sum yet wanted is very large, for it is $350,000; but the occasion is wholly exceptional, and the association confides for success in the patriotism of New York and the vivid recollection of his own generation of Grant's inestimable service in the war for the Union.

PERSONAL.

There are few more rugged figures among the Scotch scholars of the present generation than is Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh. Though eighty-three, he has never worn a pair of spectacles, and for thirty years he had no need of medical advice. He attributes the vitality of his old age to his custom of living by an unvarying system, and it is noteworthy that Oliver Wendell Holmes, who is of about the same age and equally well preserved, told an interviewer some time ago that his own good health was due to his habit of living strictly by rule, even to the temperature of his bath. It is interesting to know that Professor Blackie does not go to bed until the clock strikes twelve. He rises at half past seven, and always after his mid-day meal he takes an hour's nap.

—The Pope's private fortune makes him by far the richest man in Rome, though his wealth has shrunk very greatly from the 45,000,000 lire left by Pius IX. Much of the shrinkage has been due to unfortunate investments in building bonds and in corporation stocks—investments made for the purpose of receiving a higher rate of interest than that paid by the Rothschilds. The Pope gives his direct personal attention to financial transactions such as sovereigns usually intrust to a secretary or Chamberlain. He keeps his safe in his own apartments, and always carries the key to it himself.

—The Rev. Dr. Vaughan, the new Archbishop of Westminster, is, like his predecessor, Cardinal Manning, a strong advocate of temperance, though, unlike the Cardinal, he is himself a total abstainer. He visited the United States in 1871, when he came in charge of a number of Catholic priests who had been commissioned to do missionary work among the negroes. Dr. Vaughan is a man of phenomenal energy, and a firm believer in the utility of ministerial work outside of the pulpit. He has accomplished much good in waging war on the sweating system, and is leading a crusade against the unsanitary condition of the houses of the poor in London and Manchester.

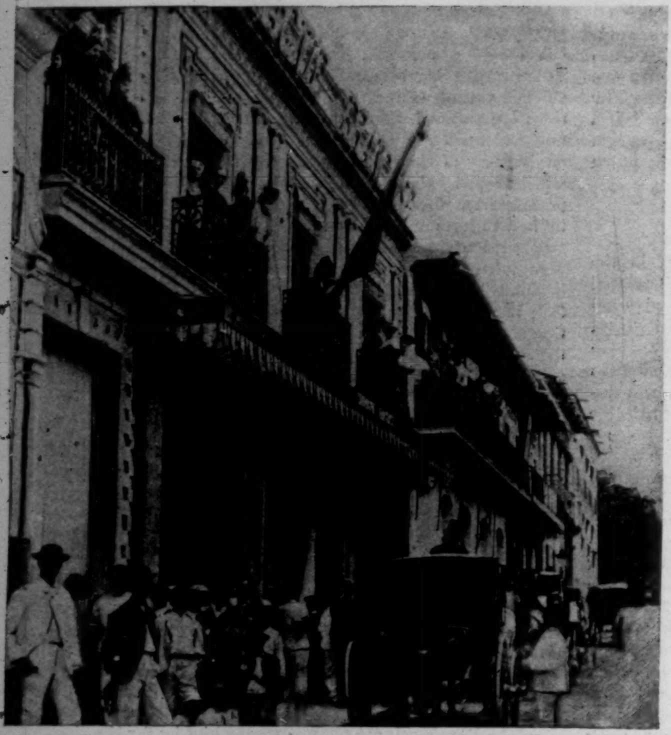
—The very remarkable statement is made that Fanny Crosby, who is known wherever church music is heard, from her "Pass me not, O gentle Saviour," is the author of 3000 hymns. The most famous of her religious songs was written twenty-three years ago, and since that time she has continued to produce them with unremitting industry. She lives now in New York, and is sixty-five years old. No other writer of hymns, not even Dr. Watts, has been so prolific, though Dr. Robert Lowry, of Plainfield, New Jersey, is said to have produced several hundred. It was he who wrote "Shall we gather at the River?"

—Two interesting little anecdotes of two of the most famous of British authors come almost coincidently from across the water. Professor Blackie relates that one Sunday evening when he was calling on the Carlyles, and the Sage of Chelsea talked on unremittingly, without allowing Mrs. Carlyle a word, he went over to the philosopher, shook him by the shoulders, and shouted, "Let your wife speak, you monster!" The other reminiscence, told by Mrs. Hardy, the novelist's wife, of Sir Walter Scott, is that on one occasion when Sir Walter informed his wife that he was to receive a large sum for a certain book, Lady Scott replied, "Ah! then I can buy a new carpet."

—Elisée Reclus is now busy with the last of the eighteen bulky volumes that will comprise his *Universal Geography*. The task has so far occupied him for seventeen years, and considering the vast amount of research necessary to the production of the work, it has been speedily accomplished. Reclus is sixty-two years old. His fame at home is as much that of a socialist as a geographer, and during the disorderly days of the Commune in Paris he was sentenced to the convict galleys, but on the appeal of nearly the entire body of scientific men in England, President Thiers commuted his sentence to perpetual banishment from France. He has since that time lived in Italy and Switzerland, but his monumental work will be published in Paris.

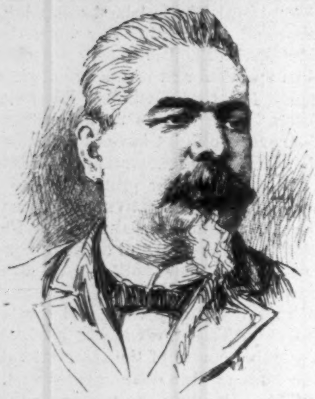
—Governor Russell observes the custom established by former Chief Magistrates of Massachusetts of using a new quill pen to sign each legislative bill of which he approves. The quills are used once only, and are then eagerly sought for by Boston relic-hunters, as were the clay pipes which Carlyle was accustomed to lay outside his door-sill after once smoking them.

—It is somewhat singular that the German Minister of Finance, Dr. John Miquel, who, next to the Chancellor, is the most important member of the Kaiser's cabinet, should be of French parentage. Dr. Miquel is a man of sixty-three years, more than half of which he has passed in public life. In his younger years he was an enthusiastic radical of Communistic views, but with the advance of age he has oscillated to the other extreme of conservatism. One who remembers him as he appeared in the flush of youth describes him as a slender young man with dark face, and black hair and eyes, and an intense activity and energy that gave promise of future prominence. Besides his long-continued membership in the Prussian legislative assembly, Dr. Miquel has twice been Mayor of Osnabrück, and once of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and he was for many years a director in the most important of Berlin's financial institutions.

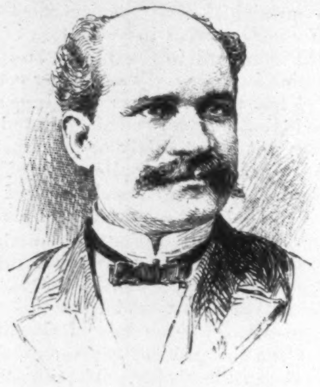


BUSINESS STREET IN CARACAS.

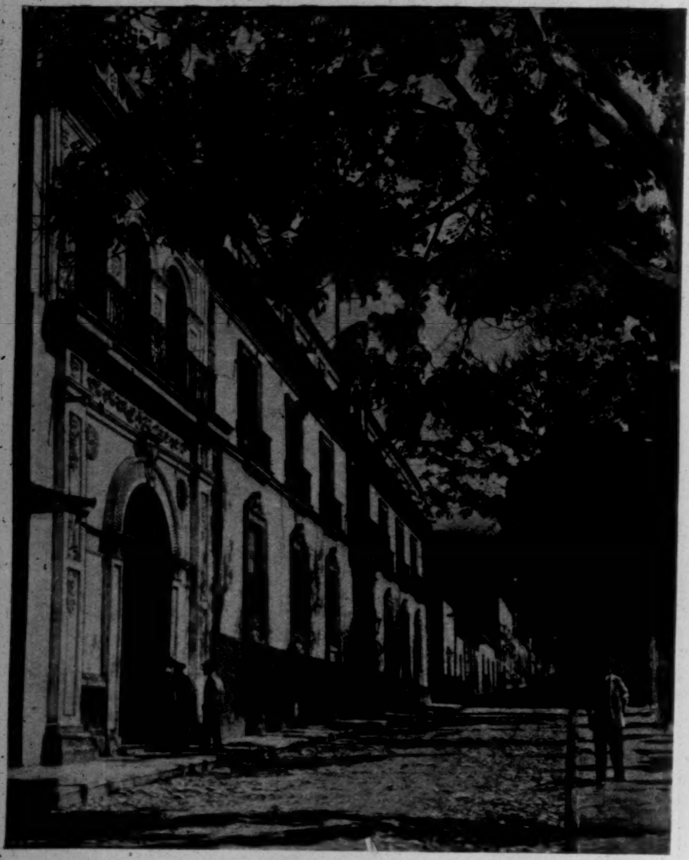
THE IRON BRIDGE OVER THE GUAIRE RIVER.



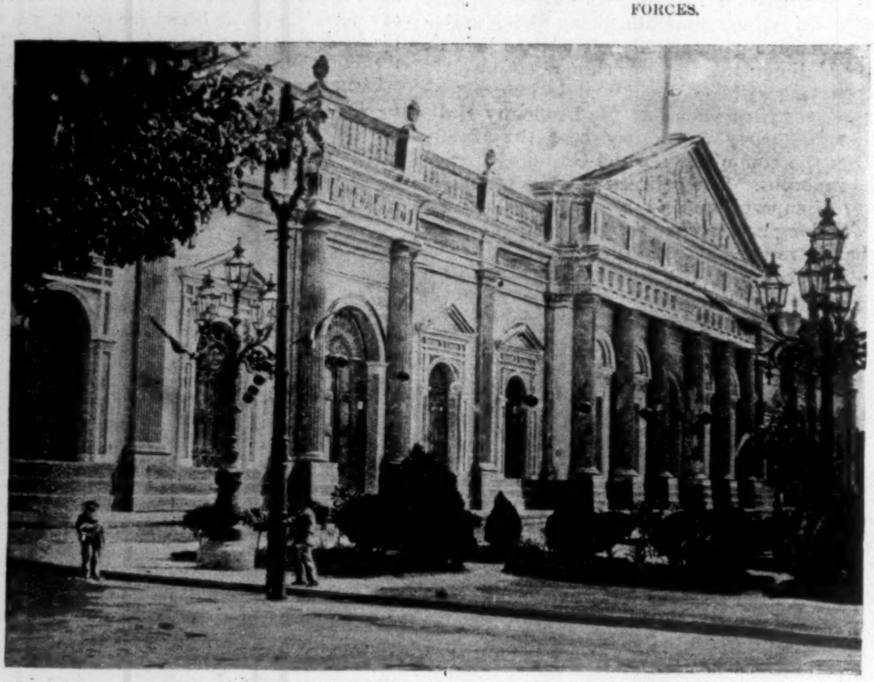
PRESIDENT PALACIO.



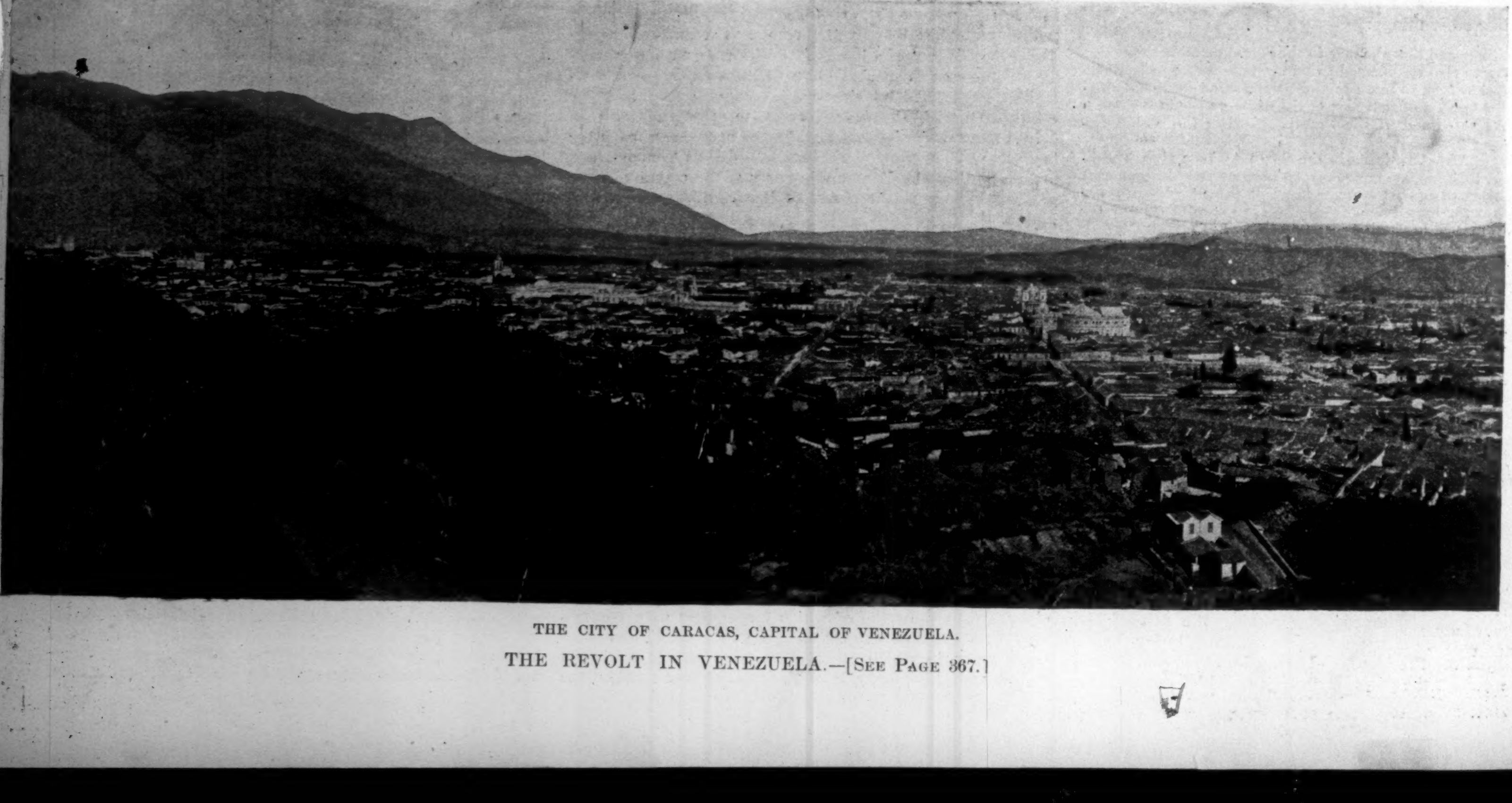
CASAÑAS, COMMANDING GOVERNMENT FORCES.



THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

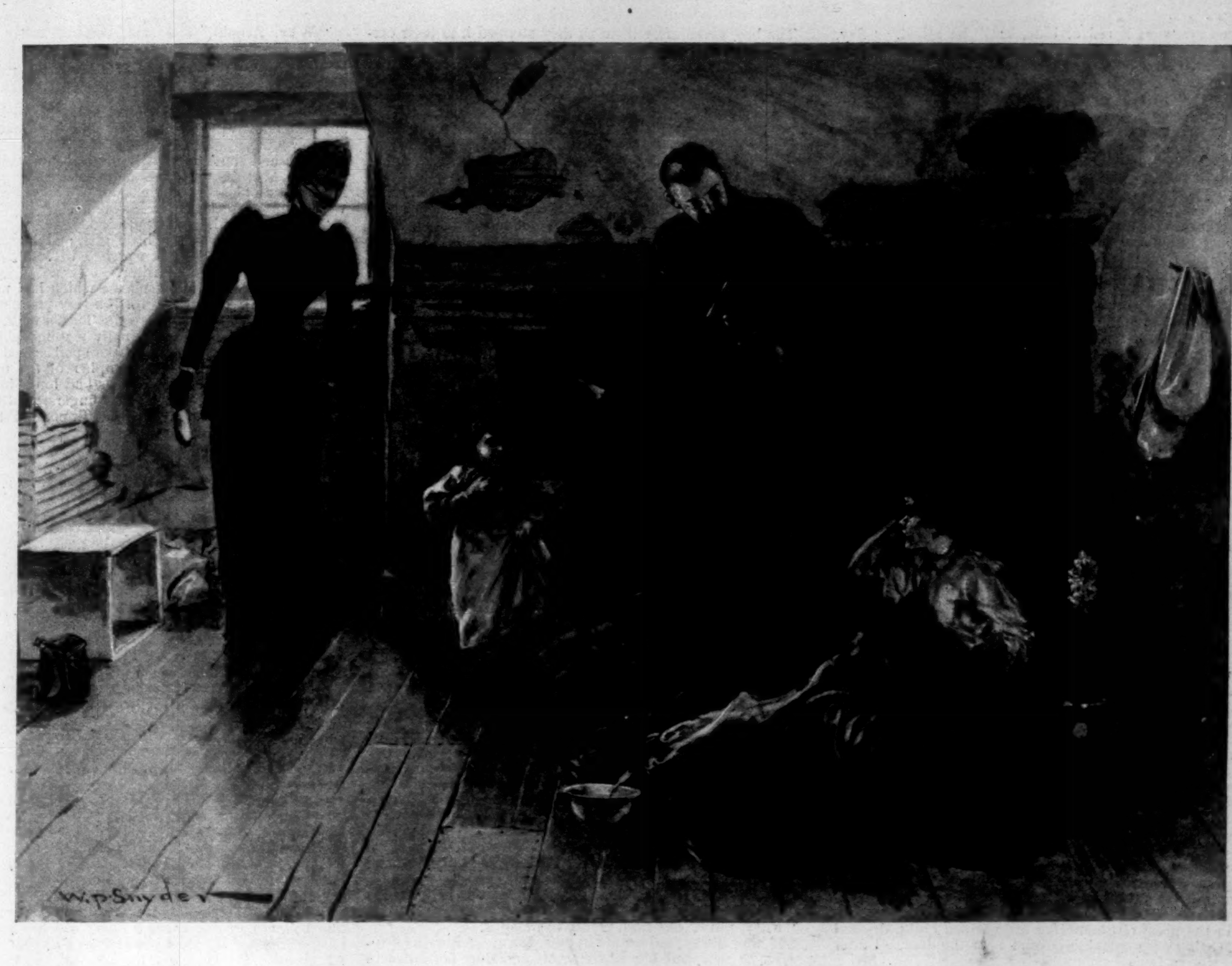


THE CONGRESSIONAL BUILDING, CARACAS.



THE CITY OF CARACAS, CAPITAL OF VENEZUELA.

THE REVOLT IN VENEZUELA.—[SEE PAGE 367.]



THE WHITE HYACINTH.

BY GEORGE WILSON PRESCOTT.

HE was hurrying along in the wind and rain, something clasped tightly inside his faded and torn jacket. The gusts of March weather swept around the corners, waiting for him as he passed. He was such a little mite that it was an unequal contest. But the grimy hand dashed the raindrops from a pair of very bright eyes, their owner defying the world in general and the storm in particular.

"Hello, Flip, what yer got there?" screamed out a passing acquaintance.

"Nawthin'," came back the quick reply, as the boy hugged it closer and hurried on.

"Wot 'il the kid think?" he muttered to himself the next moment. "Guess she never saw nothin' like that before. It 'll keep her quiet awhile leastways."

The rain was coming down harder than ever. He was soaked to the skin. It was a cold rain, almost sleet, but he wore no other covering than the ragged jacket. One red hand clutched tightly at the fragment of cap upon his head, while the other held the something which he carried close under his coat.

He turned into a side street. It was not an aristocratic neighborhood. Tin cans and old shoes, rubbish of all sorts, lay scattered upon it. Tall buildings leaned crazily to one side, whose windows were stopped with rags and old hats.

Passing a dilapidated shed, he reached as dilapidated a doorway. A woman, slipshod and unkempt, was looking out into the rain. It was falling upon her, but she took no note of that. The door swung half off its hinge.

He shook himself much as a dog does coming up from the pool. The woman gave him a glance.

"What yer got under yer coat, Flippet?" she asked.

"Yer better come out the rain, Molly," he said, evasively. "Yer'll git wet."

The rickety stairs shook as he mounted them. Here and there a stair was missing. There were three sets of stairs he climbed, until he reached the attic. Here he paused, and took from under his coat his precious parcel. Some green spears were glancing up from a gayly painted flower-pot; he had carried it uninjured, and now he held it up to the light, straightening one long spear slightly bent.

How he had become possessed of it, it was hard to say. It had much the appearance of a cherished window plant, with its gilded rim and fancifully painted pot. Perhaps if the truth were told—but then Flippet never did tell the truth, and it is not to be supposed he was going to be beguiled into doing so this time. He called his new possession a stroke of "luck," and even now a smile of complacency spread itself over his features.

He tiptoed towards a corner of the attic. A bundle lay upon the floor, rolled in an old quilt. A newspaper was spread beneath it. On the floor was an empty bowl.

Light as was his step, the bundle heard it. First up peeped a small brown head with great staring eyes, and after came a pair of clawlike hands, struggling to free their owner from the folds which enveloped her.

"Hello!" said Flip. "Hello, kid!"

The baby blinked her great eyes at him. "Sip," she said; "me want Sip."

"Ain't I here?" he said. "Don't you get out o' that; I'm a-comin'."

He set the pot carefully upon the floor, and then drew the wrappings about the baby's neck and propped her up against the rafters. She curled herself up contentedly, and smiled at him.

"See here, kid," said he, holding up the flower-pot; "ain't dis great?" He gazed at her for appreciation.

"Dis g'eat," she cooed. "Me."

The clawlike hands reached out for the flower. His satisfaction was complete. He beamed. The water was dripping off his clothes in pools upon the floor. Very likely it would drip through the cracks upon the heads of the lodgers below. But what did that matter? It was not every one who owned such a trophy as he now had.

The baby watched him while he placed the flower-pot on the narrow sill of the one small window. It would be safe there, just out of reach of baby hands.

"You kin watch it here," he said. "You kin see it grow to a big flower, maybe."

A dreadful suspicion came over him. Suppose it should have no flower; suppose this was all there would be of it? He bent over it, pushing aside the short green spears with his finger. It was all green; he could see no sign of a blossom. He dug down in the earth carefully to see if mayhap the flower was to come up that way. The search became absorbing. It had to be done carefully.

He was startled by a tug at his damp jacket. "Sip," said the child, plaintively—"Sip, baby hungry."

She was very small. The little bare feet toddled weakly enough.

"All right, kid," answered he, cheerily, and abandoning his new treasure. He jerked off his coat that the dampness might not touch her, and picked her up, quilt and all. It had trailed after her, and now hung over his arms and shoulder much in the fashion of a Roman toga.

She nestled contentedly up to him while he poured out some milk from a cracked glass jar and took down a crust of bread. The two sat down in the corner of the attic. He fed the baby with the spoon. Sometimes he let her have the spoon, and laughed at her efforts to get it to her mouth. But that was wasteful. The bread was almost gone. He ate none himself.

When the short meal was finished, it was quite dark in the attic. The rain had ceased outside, and so the noise on the roof was stilled. A ray of light from the lamp-post in the street shot up through the window strangely, shining on the wall opposite. The sounds of the shouting and talk below came drifting up also. It was a neighborhood in which the inhabitants were scarcely visible by day. The night was the hour which brought them forth, like bats and owls and creeping things. Then they laughed and made merry and carried on the craft which best suited them. Likewise, the tenants were continually changing. One by one they would drop out; no one cared; no one inquired. Their places were readily supplied. A drop of water falls into the ocean; that is the last of the drop; it is gone; you cannot find it. No one numbers the drops in the ocean.

They could not tell whence the boy in the attic came. He had walked in, staggered up the rickety stairs with the baby in his arms. There he had remained. They called him Father Flippet. He was more than that; he was father, mother, brother, and sister; he was the family circle. So was the baby tended, the baby whom he called "Kid." She might have had no other name. What did it matter?

The drowsy baby put up her hand and felt his face in the darkness. He drew the old quilt around them both, and held her closely till she fell asleep. The late stars shining through the broken panes in the window saw them both asleep after a while.

"Here's yer *Mornin' Chron'kle!*" he was shouting next day—"*Mornin' Chron'kle* and *Daily Ne-ws!* All about the storm!"

It was a clear, beautiful day, and sales began well. On rainy days business was not so good. He became hopeful. After a while he would earn enough, maybe, so he could buy the baby some clothes. Then he could take her out Sundays.

But savings were slow when there were rent to pay and food to buy. He tried not to eat much. As he went along he passed the little children dressed in their warm bright clothes. One little tot wore a soft white wool wrap, and on her head was a white fluffy something. He paused to look after this one as she smiled and pattered along. These distractions from business were rather an old story to him.

A secret ambition was to buy a bootblack's outfit. With this he thought he could make more money than by selling papers. But he could not be too sure. At any rate, were he to risk the amount of his savings in buying the outfit, the kid would be obliged to wait even longer for her good clothes. Perhaps he would have to sell papers again, after all. To be a bootblack would be a rise in the world. To descend again to selling papers would indeed be a humiliation. A person engaged in one kind of business has to move cautiously before interesting himself in new ventures. Sometimes this causes bankruptcy.

That afternoon the sum of ten cents went into the flat tin box hid in the attic rafters. The baby had a treat, besides, of all the milk she could drink, and a big orange to play with. She went to sleep holding it close in her soiled small hands.

As the days went by, the savings increased. Flippet had found a new range of territory; he was prospering. Every day he looked at the plant. He watered it and cared for it almost religiously. He lifted the baby to see the light shoot coming up in the centre. Sometimes he talked to her as though she could understand, but ordinarily he was a person of very few words. This time he explained the plant to the baby, while she listened quietly, staring out into the street.

"Yer see, kid," he said, "all these here things keep a-growin' an' keep a-growin', an' I keep a-puttin' water on it, an' atter while yer kin see de flower on it. An' looks to me like 'twas goin' to be a lot of 'em on it, so menny buds like. Now it's green. That's cuz it 'ain't got its color yet. But I seen 'em bigger'n you onct, an' bigger'n me, an' I guess bigger'n Mis' Fat Jenkins down-stairs. Maybe it 'll bust the pot wide open."

Probably he was drawing upon his imagination. The plant certainly did not look threatening.

"Does yer want it red or blue, kid?" he asked. "Say, kid, red or blue?"

"Wed or b'ue," she answered, emphatically.

So he only laughed, and gave her her supper and put her to sleep, while he thought of the possible appearance of the flower in blossom.

Some way, perhaps by hearsay, perhaps by desultory attendance at some charity school, perhaps by spelling out the newspapers, his facile mind had received some faint impressions of the meaning of Easter. The idea was not plain to him. He knew that it was a festive and joyful occasion, because he had seen the children in their white dresses going to the churches on that day, had seen the procession of choristers, and heard the joyful music. He thought it was a holiday, and thought it strange it should always come on Sunday. Of Lent he knew nothing. How then could he know the meaning of Easter?

Yet the day was drawing nigh; it was a week's space between. He passed along the streets crying his papers. Two little girls walked before him; they had their Easter dresses already.

"Yes," said the dark-haired one, "of course I have my Easter dress. Everybody has new dresses Easter, you know. Is yours—"

The boy turned the corner, still crying his papers. But a new anxiety had come to him since he had overheard the words of the little girl.

He was still thinking of it as he climbed the stairs to the attic that evening. He thought of it as he poured the water on the plant and dug his finger in the earth to loosen the mould. The green spike in the centre had shot up tall and straight, the knobs at the tip were still green and folded.

"Guess it'll be open for Easter," he said. "It ain't so big as I thought fer. She kin wear it with her new dress, Sunday, if it's open."

Before it became quite dark he drew out the flat tin box, and spread the pieces of money upon his jacket. He feared to make any noise in counting it, lest he might attract attention belowstairs. The baby grabbed at the little pieces of silver. But he diverted her, and counted it all quickly. There was just one dollar and forty-five cents. That was almost riches, certainly enough to buy her a dress, and hat too. He looked at her critically, and wondered if the hat would be blue. She was small; it would not cost much to buy the dress. He would buy it made.

His anticipation kept him awake a good part of the night. It must have been that which made his head feel so strangely next morning. The stairs were never so tiresome before. He wanted to rest a moment on the last stair, but was ashamed. The morning air was quite cool, but he did not feel it so. It was a relief to be in the air; his head did not burn so badly. The money was tied in his pocket with a piece of string. Now and then he felt it with much congratulation. He gave a little shake and stamp on the pavement, and called out his papers shrilly.

Towards noon a floor-walker of the leading dry-goods house in the great city noticed a bare-footed child, dressed poorly, sitting on a cushioned stool near the door. Under his arm were a few newspapers.

"You can't sell your papers in here, boy," said the man, sternly. It angered him that the child should have slipped in without notice. "Now go on out without waiting any longer."

Flippet's face flushed under the freckles and tan. He stood his ground, his hand slipping unconsciously to the pocket where he had tied the money.

"I want to buy something," he said, quickly. "I want to buy a dress and a hat."

"Oh, you do, do you?" said the man, surprised. He concluded the child was a messenger. "Well, that's all right. You come this way."

"Is it made?" said the boy, hesitating. "Have you got 'em made?"

"Yes, it's made, I guess."

He piloted him to an elevator, where he ascended to the proper floor. The boy was frightened. There was a bewildering array of dresses on counters and on the figures. Throngs of ladies walked about, the hum of conversation rose and fell. He held tightly to the newspapers. People jostled past him. He stood beside the door of the elevator just as he had stepped from it. When the attendant came up to him at last, he followed her as in a daze. He picked out a little frock of blue trimmed in silk. There was gold braid on it, and a sash. Two ladies in black were watching his purchase with much interest.

"How much?" they heard him say.

"That one is five dollars," said the girl. "Here is one for four."

His eyes dilated. Here was a calamity. "I 'ain't got that much," he said. "I didn't know how much they cost. 'Ain't you got no white ones?"

She showed him one for two and a half. It had embroidery on it. The prices staggered him. He had had no idea of that. He put down the dress lingeringly.

"I guess I don't want no dress," he said. "I wanted to git one fer my little sister fer Easter; but she don't know nothin' about it, an' I 'ain't got so much money. Didn't know they cost so much."

A lump was rising in his throat. He could not say any more. The attendant laughed as he turned away. The laugh aggravated him. His eyes were misty. No dress for the kid. She could only have the flower for Easter. He did not think how absurd would be the contrast between the little girl's new clothes and his own poverty-stricken rags. It would be the comical which is so near akin to pathos. In the elevator going down he and the two ladies in black chanced to be the only passengers. They were not young ladies. One had white hair, and the other's hair was hidden beneath a crape bonnet. They noticed the boy's dejected look. Before he could hurry away, the younger spoke to him.

"You did not get the little dress, did you?" she said.

"No, ma'am," he answered, nervously twitching his cap between his fingers.

"Would you mind telling me about it?" she said, gently.

At the sweet tones his distrust and bashfulness vanished. He told her his story, his bright eyes a letter of credit upon her kindness.

"If you will tell me where you live, we will come to see your little sister," she said.

She saw how proud he was. She would have a labor of love before her now with these two unfortunate children, but it would need be careful.

He gave her the address, his face meantime betraying the doubt of her sincerity.

"We will certainly see the little girl," she said, with a reassuring smile. "We are coming up Easter day itself, and I will bring her a little dress and a hat, too. You must accept them for her as a present."

The boy gazed after them as they stepped into their carriage and drove away.

"Why, Faith," said the older lady, "are you sure Arnold will wish you to go there? It is a terrible neighborhood, and you are so credulous."

"Arnold will go with me, I hope," she returned. "That is why I named Sunday. We can go before church-time, and take the little dress and hat. The little girl must be just about the age our little Angela was," she added, her lips quivering.

"He seems like a bright little fellow," said her mother.

"Yes," said Faith. "I am afraid I have been selfish in our grief, mother dear. It seems to me it will take away a little of the heart-ache if I can do any good for the poor neglected children in this place, who have no father or mother to care whether they live or not. You and Arnold will help me, I am sure."

Flippet had watched the carriage disappear in the distance. He looked after it meditatively. This was a stroke of luck. He placed implicit confidence in her now. She had said she would come, and he knew she would. There were only two days longer to wait now, at any rate. To-day was Friday, to-morrow Saturday.

He thought he would go home and rest; he was tired. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes shining. He seemed walking on air.

That night he put the money back into the tin box. Now he would be able to buy the bootblack outfit. A bright idea came over him. He would buy the outfit, and could sell a few papers at the same time. Fortune was smiling on him surely.

He took a look at his plant. It was certainly developing. A faint perfume, almost indistinct, arose from the buds. Sunday it would open.

He slept like a log that night. A queer hoarse sound came from his throat. He dreamed it was Easter and it came on Sunday. But some one in white with a bright light shining from them came to him and beckoned. She touched the plant with her hand, and it burst in a glory of white perfumed flowers. He took the flower in his hand, and would have followed her beckoning, but the baby held him with her two little hands. He woke with a start, but there was no one there.

That day he went through his duties mechanically. His feet were as lead. Early he returned to the attic he called home.

His first thought was of the flower. He went to it, caressing the long green leaves. The green on the buds had paled perceptibly. The spray of blossoms was quivering with eagerness to burst into beauty. The petals were ready to unfold. He watered it, and turned the other side towards the sun. His heart bounded with exultation in its beauty. The long smooth leaves leaned gracefully from the centre stalk.

"Jes look at it, kid," he said, catching the baby in his arms.

"Pitty, pitty," she said, trying to grasp it.

She was heavy; he soon put her down. After her supper, as he wrapped her in the quilt and they lay down to sleep, he began to talk volubly to the child. To-morrow would be Easter. Did she know it? There was to be a surprise, too, for her in the morning, but he would not tell her. Would it fit her? he wondered. Would it be blue? They could go out then in the afternoon. How fine the kid would look! But her shoes; she had no shoes. However, what of it? He would carry her.

The hot blood was racing through his veins. Once he put his hand on his temple, and felt it beating. He raised himself up so he could breathe better. The baby stirred restlessly. He hushed her again, but his voice was hoarse and harsh. He put the quilt around her, and stole over to the window. The moonlight was pouring in, silvering the green leaves and the opening buds in the gilt pot. To his fancy the green spears were waving green hands, and the white buds swelled and diminished as though the plant breathed. He carried the plant to his corner, away from the treacherous moonlight. He thought he heard queer whisperings and noises. The white figure he saw in his dream—was it coming to take the flower? No, ah no! for to-morrow would be Easter.

The baby slept calmly. Down-stairs he heard a door slam and noisy talk, and now and then an oath was shouted. It was late, and near midnight. He turned restlessly. The floor was hard. He was growing so cold. There was something in his throat that caught at his breath. Dimly and far away he heard the great clock in the tower strike twelve.

Was the moonlight fading? Was it growing dark? He could not tell. He groped with one hand, and touched the flower in the gilt pot. At the sudden jar the petals opened wide. How sweet it smelled! And to-morrow Easter, and the kid— He sank back slowly.

The distant clock struck one, two, three. Little by little the gray fingers of dawn shrouded the stars, and then unfurled the pink and lavender banners, heraldry of the god of day's approach, field-azure, gules-or. When the church bells began to ring, other bells answered. The chimes of the cathedral played.

The sunlight flashed across the slanting roof of the tall tenement, and a stray beam coquetted through the window and over the baby's face. She wakened, blinking her sleepy eyes. It was warm lying there in the sunshine. One bare foot had slipped from under the cover, and she watched the sunbeams creep past the five pink balls of toes. It made her laugh, and she pushed off the old quilt, and put both hands over the beam, and tried to catch it. And now it was a yard away. She crept cautiously after it.

Footsteps were coming up the old stairs. The child on her hands and knees paused a moment, looking over her shoulder. She was so effectually surprised she forgot the object of her pursuit, and sat down where she was, her thin little legs crossed under like a small Turk.

Two beings such as she never had seen before in the entire course of her existence were coming towards her. Neither of them resembled Flippet. She was not sure whether she would cry or not. So she only stared at the lady who bent down before her.

"Why, you poor little scrap," said this new being, this visitant from an unknown world; "won't you come to me?"

The baby answered not a word. The lady rose.

"Do not wake him, Arnold," she said, glancing at her husband. "Let us dress the little girl first, and it will please him."

Her husband was watching the boy's flushed face, and listening to his labored breathing. He looked up anxiously.

"This is serious," he said. "The boy is sick, and it is more than fortunate that we came to-day. You dress the little girl as you wish, my dear, and we must take them both away from here at once."

"Why, Arnold," she said, coming softly to his side; "why, the poor child! Just hear how he breathes. And see that flower there. How ever did it get here? Is it not lovely?"

"I was noticing it," he said.

She stooped and picked up the pot. "It looks just like—" she said, slowly; "just like—" She regarded the gilt pot attentively.

"You had some hyacinths, did you not, this winter?" he rejoined, absently. He was more interested in the boy, who lay so motionless upon the floor. The soiled grimy fists were tightly clinched over his breast.

"Yes," she said. "Never mind."

She went back to the little girl, and began unrolling a bundle. The small Turk watched her. There was something interesting in this visitor.

Flippet's friend tried a scheme which had never yet been known to fail. She drew forth a tiny jewelled watch, and dangled it seductively before the Turk's eyes. The charm worked well; the Turk gradually metamorphosed into the philosopher, and the genie of the spell seized her opportunity. She divested the philosopher of the unseemly rags through which knees and elbows had long since found the light, and presently, under quick fingers, a third transformation had taken place. Meanwhile Flippet had struggled back to consciousness.

Among the other objects which greeted his startled gaze, the most astonishing thing was the baby. "Well, look at de kid!" he whispered, hoarsely. "Hey, kid!"

Then he remembered his manners, and tried to stand. But he failed. "'Mornin', ma'am," he whispered. His face was shining with joy. "I knew you'd come. It's Easter, ain't it?" He looked awkwardly at the gentleman.

"Do not try to talk, my boy," he said. "You have a—a—bad cold, I think."

Flippet tried to clear his throat and answer in a fine strong voice.

"Sip!" said the baby. "Sip!"

"Ain't you fine, say, kid?" whispered Flippet. "She looks orful nice, ma'am, an' I'm much obliged to yer. Come here, kid; lemme look at yer onct."

The baby left her new friend and toddled towards Flippet.

"Not just yet," said the gentleman, interposing quickly. "Your throat—"

"Wot's the matter?" whispered Flippet. Then a terror darted over him, something which caught his heart as in a vise. He gripped the rafters and so drew himself to his feet. His eyes began to flash.

"You don't think I am going to *give* her to you, do you?" he whispered, his heart beating. "'Cause it's a mistake. I ain't a-goin' to give her to nobody. She's mine. I found her myself, an' I don't want yer to git mad; but ef that's wot yer brought her Easter dress fur, I don't want her to have it, an' I'd heap ruther have her in her ole cloes, even ef she don't never get out the house. She don't need to git out. She don't want to go away from me, neither. She believes in me, 'cause I never did her no mean tricks nor nuthin', an' she knows me better'n anybody." His voice weakened. He held out his arms to the baby. She had paused in the middle of the floor, holding up her little pale blue skirt with one hand, and in the other clasping the watch to her breast.

"Kid, come here," he whispered.

She was in his arms the next moment, and he patted the soft cheek lovingly.

Faith and Arnold spoke gently to him. "We did not mean that, Flippet," she said. "But you are sick, you see, and you would not want her to catch a bad sore throat, too, would you? Let me have her now, and we will all go away from here together to my house, and we will make you strong and well again, and you may see the baby then without any danger of making her throat sore. You understand, do you not? We will not take her away from you. We want you both to come."

His bright eyes were fixed upon her face. Then he whispered to the baby. "All right, ma'am," he said. "I didn't know wot yer meant, at first. Go to the lady, kid."

Faith held out her arms appealingly. There was a loving mother look on her face.

The baby yielded to it. Faith looked up at her husband wistfully. The baby arms were round her neck, the little fingers had closed confidingly over her own.

"Arnold, she is sweet, isn't she?" she said. She pressed the baby close to her heart.

Flippet turned his head away.

"Come, my boy," said Arnold, cheerily. "Let's go now."

"I'm so tired," he whispered, wearily. His gaze fell upon the flower, blooming whitely. "Oh," he said; "that was fer the kid. But *she* kin have it now—the lady, I mean. Please take it, ma'am. It's fer you. You didn't forgit 'twas Easter."

"For me?" said Faith. Her eyes were moist, but there was a queer little smile straying around the corners of her mouth. "How pretty it is! Thank you, dear. It is your Easter, too; we will drive past the cathedral, and hear the new Easter chimes. And some day I will tell you all about them, and what they mean to say. Will you come now with us?"

"Sip!" said the baby. "Wiv us, Sip!"

CHICAGO DESIGNERS.

It was by no means a simple affair to draw, redraw, design, and put into blue prints and first lines the various maps and architects' plans of the Columbian Exposition. From half a dozen large cities in the country were sent the first plans of the structures to the office of the chief architect in Chicago. A full set of façades and elevations, interior divisions, ground-plans, and what not was supplied by the designer. Having made one set, the designers of the originals considered their work comfortably at end. But where their work ended, that of the architect-in-chief began. A large force of draughtsmen were put to work under a director, and hundreds of copies were made. Now that the buildings are almost finished—finished, that is, so far as the plans are concerned—the draughtsmen of the architect's office have little to do.

This is not true, however, of the department of engineering, which may be said to have only begun its labors in earnest. In a low two-story frame house erected within the enclosed grounds at Jackson Park are two rooms given over to the working force of the engineer. Generally, they resemble the draughting-room of a prosperous architect, the main difference between that and them being in size—for there is much to be done—the tables are extensive, and the force large.

AT EASTER.

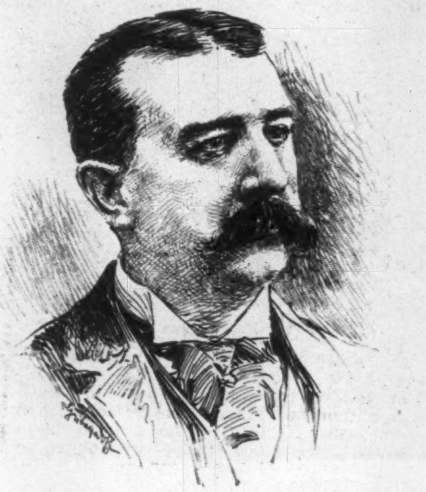
THE stars that sung together at His birth
Softly in the far heaven are singing yet.
Lo, now their echoes heard of earth,
Working the miracle of growth,
From out the folded bud woo forth
Primrose and violet,
Fair daffodils, strewn on the greening hills,
Wild-wood anemones, loved of the lingering breeze,
And snowdrops in spring's earliest foot-print set.

To measured music of the spheres,
Inaudible to human ears,
Earth's flowers unfold
Their purple disks and oriflammes, their gold
In pannicles and pendulous white bells.
Lord, let the fuller harmony
Of His wond'rous history,
Of His tender ministry,
Its vital power approve,
And bring to perfect flower the bud of universal love.

KATHERINE VAN HARLINGEN.

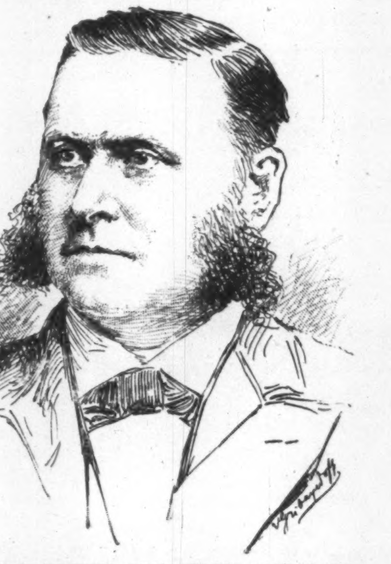
THE RHODE ISLAND ELECTION.

THE withdrawal of all the "October States" from the costly prominence of the skirmish-ground of the two great parties in "Presidential years," has forced upon the little commonwealth of Rhode Island a measure of political distinction which was once divided between her big sisters Ohio, Indiana, and, though not so recently, Pennsylvania. In consequence two of her citizens in contesting for the Governorship of one of the two smallest States in the Union—an office, by-the-way, which has little either of power or patronage—have achieved for a short season a national fame.


D. RUSSELL BROWN, GOVERNOR-ELECT.

Both men are of the reputable and well-to-do class which is drawn upon for candidates in close campaigns. Mr. D. Russell Brown, the successful Republican candidate, is a manufacturer of mill supplies. He has just entered his forty-fifth year, having been born in Bolton, Connecticut, on March 28, 1848. He was educated in the schools of Hartford and Manchester, Connecticut. He went into commercial life in Providence, and held his first and only office previous to the Governorship as a Common Councilman in the years 1881–5 inclusive. In the latter year he was nominated for Mayor of Providence by the Republicans, but resigned his candidacy upon the nomination by the Democrats of a candidate whom he did not see fit to oppose. That his declination was considered proper by his party was shown by his selection to the empty but honorable office of a Presidential Elector in 1888. He was nominated on March 15th, nearly two weeks after his competitor was chosen, and stood upon a platform which assailed the free silver wing of the Democratic party, approved the reciprocity measures of the present administration, and declared the maintenance of a protective tariff to be a "cardinal principle" of the Republican party. With a vote of 27,466 he led his nearest competitor by 2037 votes, and had the clear majority over all candidates necessary to elect a Governor in Rhode Island to the number of about 200 votes.

The Governor-elect's competitor, Mr. William T. C. Wardwell, had a slight advantage in having once before gone successfully before the people of the whole State. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor in 1890.


W. T. C. WARDWELL, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.

The Democratic platform called for the admission without duty to the markets of the country of foreign wool, iron, coal, and timber. It denounced the Sherman law, under which silver is now minted, and declared for an "equal" dollar.

The real interest in the campaign was centred in the part borne by the leaders of the two great parties. Ex-Speaker Reed and Governor McKinley were the expounders of Republican doctrine; ex-President Cleveland and ex-Governor Campbell laid down the Democratic law. The Gubernatorial canvass was almost overshadowed by the fight for the Legislature, which, having been retained by the Republicans, thus insures the return to the upper House of Congress of Senator Aldrich, one of the framers of what is called the McKinley bill.

THE REVOLT IN VENEZUELA.

BY JOSÉ BORNN.

VENEZUELA, South America's northernmost republic, is again the theatre of a revolution, that seemingly chronic condition of the Latin-American states—from the view point of collectiveness—that so seriously militates against their highest development.

With them, unfortunately, a Presidential election cannot take place peaceably, and thus be allowed to resolve itself into an expression of the people's choice. Its result is oftener apt to be instead the manifestation of might; for the man in power, desiring to continue in power, either in *propria persona* or through a proxy, rarely fails to attain his ends by adopting such measures and means, as the suppression of hostile newspapers, the banishment from the country of other candidates, the imprisonment of party leaders or other influential persons not favorable to his cause, and various other oppressive methods, that are abundantly calculated to stifle all opposition. If they do not accomplish that purpose, they plunge the country into a revolution, which almost invariably ends in the downfall of the tyrant, dictator, usurper, or whatever term may have been specially culled for him from the vindictive vocabulary of his enemies. The people, already hot-tempered and now driven to desperation, rush madly on to avenge their wrongs, and knowing that no mercy, or even clemency, awaits them if unsuccessful in their resort to arms, fight with a vim and valor that cannot know defeat. The vanquished President, if he be not captured and butchered by his enraged countrymen, seeks safety in flight or, failing that, commits suicide.

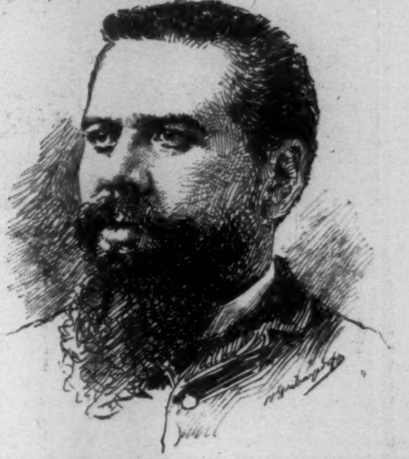
It is the same old story with Venezuela as regards the unfortunate condition in which she finds herself to-day. Her Constitution states unequivocally that the President is not eligible to re-election except after one term or more shall have intervened between his incumbency of the Chief Magistracy of the nation and his candidacy for another term. Dr. Raimundo Andueza Palacio, the present President, came to the conclusion early in his administration that two years would not be sufficient for him in his exalted station. He, therefore, set to work to make it possible to retain the reins of government after his term should have expired. He sought to have the Constitution amended so that the President should not only be eligible to re-election immediately after completing his term, but that he should hold office four years instead of two.

The proposition was favorably received by the country, but the hitch came when the President wanted the amended Constitution put in force immediately. The people, as represented by the majority of members in both Houses of Congress, held that the amendment should not take effect except with the beginning of the next administration. This did not suit Andueza, inasmuch as the next administration would not be his if the old Constitution were to be continued in force to the end of his term, wherefore the object he had in view in seeking the amendment would be forever lost to him. He therefore sought by every means in his power to get the amendment put in force immediately, and the contest thus arising continued steadily from day to day and week to week. It reached a crisis on February 20th last, when, according to law, Congress was to meet. Palacio, aware that his friends and supporters in both Houses were in the minority, thought to compel the fulfilment of his designs by instructing them to absent themselves from the opening session, thus making it impossible to have a quorum, and therefore preventing the transaction of any business whatever. The dead-lock continued without any signs of being broken, and the people in Caracas, the capital, as well as in the other cities and towns to which the news spread, grew greatly excited. At length the majority held a meeting of indignation, and, as a result, issued a manifesto to the country denouncing the President as a tyrant and usurper, and declaring they had dissolved Congress.

This decisive and revolutionary action was taken early last month. It fired the whole country as a flaming torch applied to the ready wood-pile, and in the twinkling of an eye the people were up in arms, not figuratively, but actually, against the scheming ruler. He, on the other hand, did not remain inactive, but boldly set his sails for the coming storm. He sent his minions right and left into the ranks of the opposition, or Legalistas, as they called themselves, by reason of their stand in favor of the law, and had them thrown into prison. Not even the person of a judge of the Corte de Casacion, the highest court in the land, or that of the clerk of the court was safe from their grasp, for both of these high officials were ignominiously arrested and locked up. Their *confrères* promptly passed a resolution, for which they claimed the sanction of the law, dissolving the court, and, as in the case of the Congressional majority, denouncing the President as a usurper of extraordinary rights in violation of the Constitution, and contrary to the laws which he had pledged himself to respect and enforce. Thus Venezuela found herself without a Congress, without a Court of Appeals, and presently the Supreme Court also could no longer perform its functions. All authority was therefore thrown into Palacio's hands, and he found himself, as he continues to be at this time, an absolute Dictator.

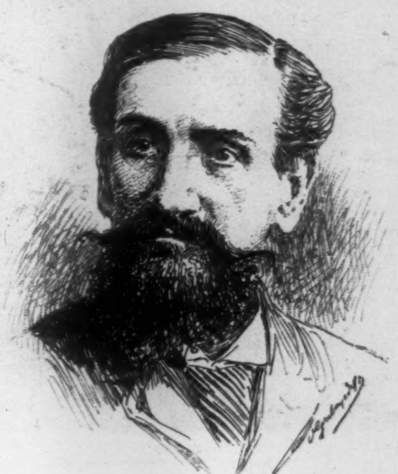
There can in the nature of things be no relief to the situation except such as only the force of arms can furnish. Palacio is well intrenched in power, and is fully prepared for the struggle which months ago even he could not help but fear would follow a determination on his part to continue at all hazards in office, and, prompted by his inordinate ambition and greed, will undoubtedly not yield except to superior force. The opposition, on the other hand, has exhausted every peaceable means at their disposal, and nothing is left to them now but the resort to arms. There is abundant testimony to the effect that they have taken that alternative, but despite many rumors, it is not yet fully apparent that they have met in battle, or that blood has yet flowed for or against the cause of the "Continuismo."

The leaders of the opposition in the Senate were Doctor Muñoz Tebar and Doctor Bustamente. The incarnation of the revolution to-day is General Joaquin Crespo. He was also in the Senate when the conflict was precipitated, but was debarred by lack of oratorical and like abilities from taking a commanding position. When, however, it became apparent that the burning question could only be solved by an appeal to arms, the people, recalling his glorious achievements on many battle-fields, and recognizing in him the highest military authority in the land, turned to him as the only man who was capable of leading them to victory. Crespo readily assented, and immediately betook himself out of Caracas, the stronghold of Palacio, and in the interior, among his llaneros and other faithful followers of previous campaigns, immediately set to work to organize an army. At last accounts he was stationed in the State of Zamora, in conjunction with General Manzano, with about 5000 men. In the State of Los Andes his generals, Araujo and Baptista, had raised an army of about 4000 men. In Apure and Guayana a force had also been organized by Diaz Grafe, while Generals Colmenares, Montenegro, and Barraez were awaiting his orders in the mountain fastnesses of Carabobo. To his family in Caracas the redoubtable man of war had written that before long he would present himself before that city with 10,000 men. Unless intercepted on the way, such a force under Crespo would readily reduce the capital, and, therefore, put an end to the revolution. Crespo is a man of about forty-six years of age, and great wealth. He was President of Venezuela from 1884 to 1886, and, originally the creature and almost the slave of Guzman Blanco, at length turned against him, and is now, as he has long been, one of that ex-Dictator's most bitter enemies.

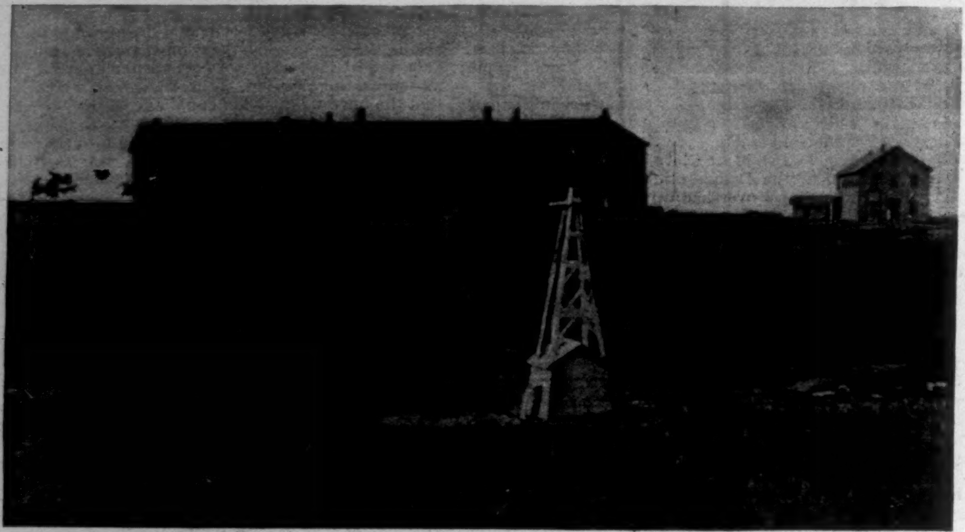

GENERAL JOAQUIN CRESPO, COMMANDING THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY.

The man against whom Crespo is pitted is Dr. Sebastian Casañas, who has been Palacio's right-hand man throughout his entire administration. In the cabinet he has hitherto held the portfolio of Minister of the Interior. Palacio has now appointed him General-in-chief of the army, notwithstanding the fact that he is not a military man either in training or experience. He was educated for the medical profession. There is hardly any doubt as to how he will fare against such a consummate military chieftain as Crespo.

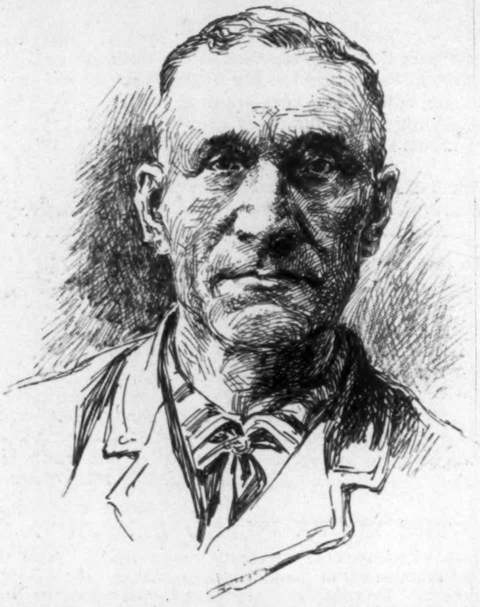
Another important person is Dr. J. P. Rojas Paúl, who is now in exile by decree of Palacio in the neighboring British West Indian island of Trinidad. He was the successor of Crespo in the Presidency, and consequently the predecessor of Palacio. When Paúl was President, Crespo antagonized him at every point because of his friendliness with Guzman Blanco, with whom Crespo had broken. Paúl and Crespo are, therefore, not friends, though both are arrayed against Palacio, and it is not likely, either, that Crespo would welcome Paúl's co-operation in the cause in which he is now engaged, because his connection with Guzman Blanco, hardly a shadow of whose former great popularity is now left in Venezuela, would throw discredit on the revolutionists, and create distrust in the minds of a large and influential element.


DR. J. P. ROJAS PAÚL, EX-PRESIDENT.

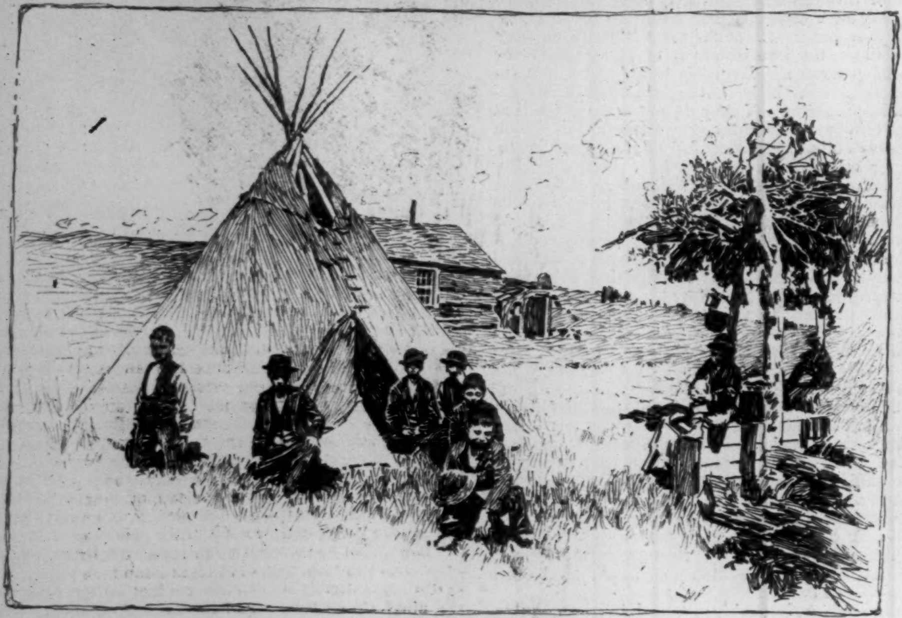
The city of Caracas, upon which all eyes are naturally turned in the present excitement, is one of the oldest and most prominent in various other particulars of the South American capitals. It was founded at the foot of the Avila Mountain in 1567 by Captain Diego de Lozada, and is famed as the city wherein the idea of South American independence, since so grandly achieved, was born. There, also, Simon Bolivar, whose name will always be honored wherever republican principles obtain, and who is worthily referred to as the George Washington of South America, first saw the light of day. Could it present no other claims, these would abundantly insure it a permanent and distinguished place in the world's history. It has a population, according to the census of 1888, of 70,466 souls, and though in the main not remarkable for its architecture, is yet possessed of a fair number of imposing and pretentious structures.



PART OF THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOL AT THE AGENCY.

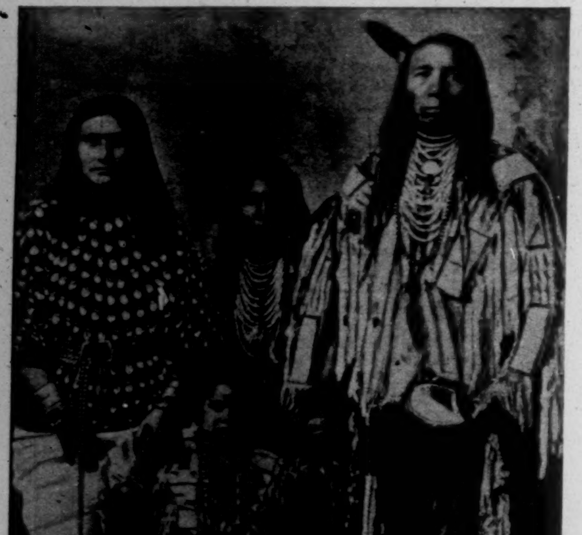


GABRIEL RENVILLE, CHIEF OF THE SISSETONS.

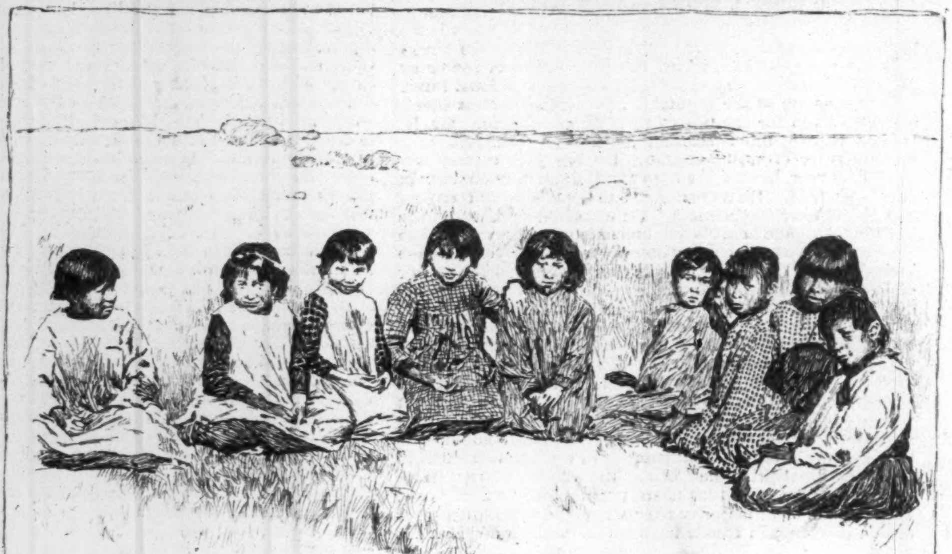


A SIOUX TEPEE AND HOUSE.

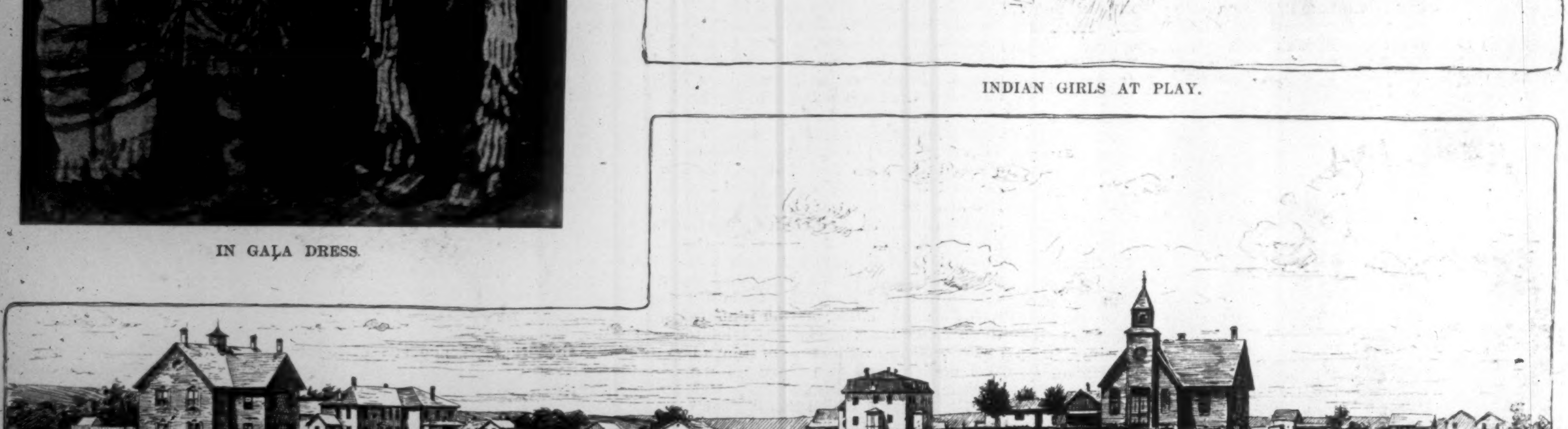
BOYS' SITTING-ROOM, GOOD-WILL MISSION.



IN GALA DRESS.



INDIAN GIRLS AT PLAY.



THE GOOD-WILL MISSION, SISSETON RESERVATION.

THE SISSETON INDIANS.—[SEE PAGE 374.] [In View of the Opening of the Sisseton Reservation to Settlers, April 15, 1892.]

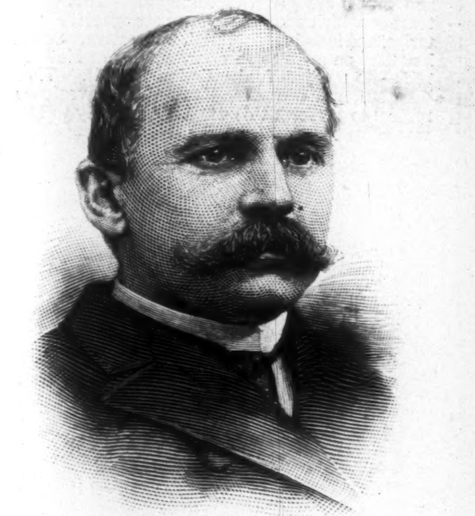
THE NEW YORK BOARD OF TRADE AND TRANSPORTATION.

BY RICHARD WHEATLEY.

THE objects held in view by the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, whose headquarters are in the Bryant Building, Liberty and Nassau streets, are the promotion of the trade, commerce, and manufactures of the United States, and particularly of the State and city of New York; the preservation and circulation of valuable information relative thereto; the study of working systems of transportation, upon which mercantile prosperity so largely depends; the support of or opposition to legislative and other measures affecting involved interests; the arbitrative adjustment of difficulties between members, members and non-members; and the active advocacy of such principles and projects as may conduce to the commercial supremacy of the city, State, and nation.

Membership has always been composed of entire firms and corporations, of which one partner or officer is exclusively entitled to vote. It numbers over 800 (about 850), comprising about 2000 individuals, and is the largest body of its kind in the State. Ambrose Snow, President from 1878 until now, and member *ex officio* of the Executive and Finance committees, is engaged in the shipping and commission business. Personal character and the esteem of numberless friends were both expressed by the joyous proceedings at the seventeenth annual dinner of the association. Warmly cheered when he rose to speak, he was presented by Erastus Wiman, on behalf of the members, with a costly gold watch, chain, and marine compass, within a circlet of diamonds and other precious stones. On the compass was the inscription: "To Captain Ambrose Snow, a man who never steered a wrong course. From his friends and fellow-merchants, February 21st, 1890." The gift was cased in a cover made from the skin of a sea-lion, and "appropriate for an old sea-dog like Captain Snow."

Three Vice-Presidents, namely, George L. Pease (blank-book manufacturer), James H. Seymour (dairy products), and William H. Parsons (paper manufacturer), stand ready to assume presidential functions in the event of the death or disability of the venerated head. Darwin R. James (spices and drugs) was a member of the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Congresses from the Third District in Brooklyn, and has been Secretary since 1877. Frank O. Herring (safe manufacturer) is the reliable Treasurer. Frank S. Gardner, the indefatigable and Argus-eyed Assistant Secretary, is necessarily the one on whom the principal burdens of official labor devolve. Thirty-six managing directors, elected at the meeting in January of each year, and representing trade, manufactures, law, and insurance, together with nominated directors chosen by affiliated associations and trade sections, and the standing committees, constitute the consultative element of the body. Besides the Executive and Finance committees, it has one on Arbitration and Claims, also one each on Terminal Facilities, Railway, Canal, and Ocean Transportation, and last, but not least, one on Legislation. All officials are renewed annually, and hold office until successors are chosen.

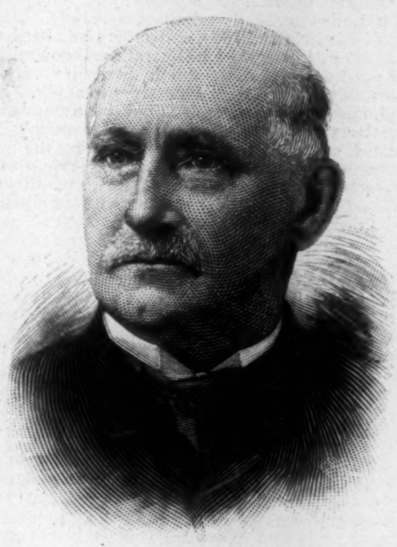


SECRETARY DARWIN R. JAMES.

One new feature of the association is that any number of members may unite in a trade section, with the design of more effectual action upon the interests of any particular trade; may elect their own chairman and other officers, and also a representative to the Board of Directors. Likewise any mercantile association or board of trade, when invited by the directors, may elect one of their own number, who is also a member of the Board of Trade and Transportation and approved by the directors, to be associated with the latter for the consideration of public questions.

Nine persons constitute a quorum of directors, and also of the board. All members of the organization are invited to attend the monthly meetings of the directors, to take part in the discussion of all public business, and to vote thereon. No subject, if objected to, can be acted upon without a three-fourths vote, unless introduced in regular order. The initiation fee is five and the yearly dues ten dollars. Discipline and procedure are ordinarily American. *Ex uno disce omnes.*

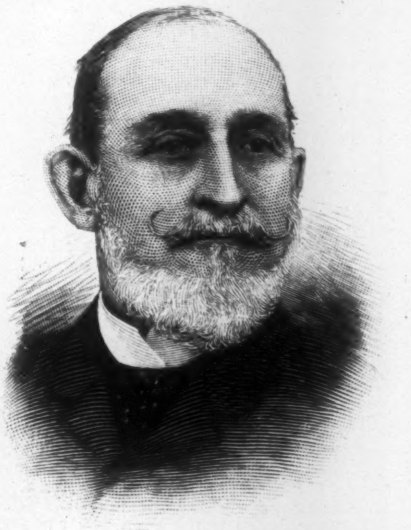
The history of the Board of Transportation is not of hoar antiquity, but is of active and eventful energy. It began on Friday, June 13, 1873, with an informal meeting of merchants at the rooms of the Importers and Grocers Board of Trade, 149 to 153 Pearl Street. The chief topic then debated was the protection of public interests as related to the prevailing system of transportation. This was then one of the most important questions before the people. Corn in Iowa was worth 20 cents per bushel; in New York, 60. Cattle in Illinois, Missouri, and Kansas sold from $10 to $20 per head; at the abattoirs of New York, from $40 to $60. Cannel-coal at the mouth of Ohio and West Virginia mines brought $4 per ton; in New York, $15. The best anthracite at Pennsylvania pits was worth $3; in New York, $7 per ton. Conversely, the cost of Eastern manufactures to Western consumers was exorbitantly enhanced by the policy of public carriers, who charged all that *the traffic would bear;* or, in other words, all that the people could pay and yet persist in the interchange of commodities.



PRESIDENT AMBROSE SNOW.

Every man, woman, and child in the United States tributary to the transportation system for the greater part of everything they eat, drink, and wear, was interested in the reduction of freight charges to a scale fairly graduated by the *risk and cost of service.* The people's highways had always been held sacred to their use. Scientific art had modified them, introduced steam as a motor, and lessened the expense of transit; but the injudicious concessions, without proper restrictions and safeguards, gratefully made to its exponents invested them with undue power. Railroads were constructed without paid-up capital; their stock was fabulously watered; their management under the control of dishonest rings, which fleeced the public and the major part of the stockholders with cynical impartiality. Combination had created monopoly that crushed competition, and weighed heavily upon the commonwealth. Six and a half times more money was paid by the citizens of the State of New York for the transportation of property by rail than by canal, and the railroads carried four and a half tons for every one conveyed by canals. Ninety-three million dollars were annually disbursed for freight and passenger charges over the iron highways of the State, and this in the absence of any legal authority competent to decide whether the character and amount of such charges were just or unjust.

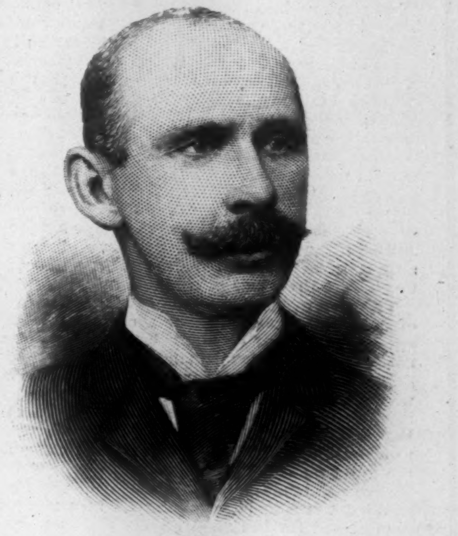
Recognition of these glaring abuses led to a second and larger meeting, which decided to call a public convention at the Cooper Institute for the formation of a permanent society. Prominent among the committee appointed for the purpose appeared the names of F. B. Thurber, Franklin Edson, and H. B. Claflin. The convention, held September 10, 1873, having Mayor Havemeyer as president, resulted in the organization of the New York Cheap Transportation Association, with Benjamin B. Sherman as president, and Francis B. Thurber as secretary. The first important work of the new body was the adoption and publication of a report of the Committee on Railway Transportation, which is the most thorough and complete exposition of the question given to the public up to the date of its issue. Among the remedies proposed for existing evils was legislation creating a Board of Railway Commissioners, to be clothed with power to establish and regulate rates for transporting freight over all railroads doing business in the State, and to prescribe a uniform system of keeping railway accounts; providing an equitable system of proportional or minority representation of stockholders on boards of direction; restraining railroads from paying interest or dividends beyond a fair and just return on the actual cost of their property to stock and bond holders; compelling them to expend all surplus in excess of such amounts, and of necessary repairs and operating expenses, and moving, handling, and terminal facilities for public security and convenience, and to reduce their transportation charges when such facilities should be in perfected condition; prohibiting all railway companies from delegating their business to separate combinations known as fast freight lines, whose entire receipts do not go into the treasuries of the roads over which they run; prohibiting the leasing, consolidation, or combination of parallel lines of road by which competition is destroyed and the people's highways converted into monopolies; prohibiting railway companies from acquiring or holding more real estate than is necessary for the operation of their roads, and from engaging in mining or any business other than that of transportation; making it a penal offence for any public official to accept or use the free pass of any railway company, and inhibiting railway companies from granting such passes to any but regular employés of such railways. All legislative provisions affecting inter-State roads, it was contended, should be national, and should also be adopted by separate States.



ABRAM B. MILLER, CHAMPION OF FREE CANALS.

The list of remedies proposed was completed by the addition of competition to carry out the reform initiated by legislation—competition by means of enlarged canals whose capacity should be increased by the application of steam as a motive power; and also through the construction of "a national double or quadruple track railroad exclusively for freight, to be built and operated in the interest of the whole people." Such a road, designed to demonstrate how low freight can be carried, if constructed by a company, would meet the determined opposition of rich and powerful corporations, be tempted to combination with rivals, suffer from financial straits, and through the manipulations of the stock market probably fall into the hands of monopolies. If, on the other hand, it were built and owned by the people through the national government, thrown open to any persons or companies who might wish to put rolling-stock thereon, and operate it under a general law, any city or section of country could have its fast freight line. Being public property, it could not be forced into combination with monopolies, neither could it be sold except by amendment to the Constitution.

Compared with the benefits which such a road would confer, the cost would be a mere trifle. Corporations would be forced to approximate their charges to those of its schedule, and many millions be saved annually to producer and consumer. Retrenchment and economy in competing lines would necessarily follow. The water would be squeezed out of diluted stocks, and a rule be established by which the real value of all railroad stocks in this country could be ascertained. Control of its own property by the public would be absolute. Auxiliary roads, built where needed by local enterprise, would bring car-loads of produce to the main line, by which, without transshipment, they would be forwarded to the seaboard.



ASSISTANT SECRETARY FRANK S. GARDNER.

In reply to the objections urged against the construction of such a highway by the national government—such as that it would be mismanaged, cost double what it ought to cost, be another powerful political machine, dangerous from the implied centralization of power, a copious source of corruption, incapable of location, and that it would never pay if built—the committee states that similar reasons were adduced in opposition to the building of the Erie Canal, to which the commercial pre-eminence of the city and State of New York and the development of the West are so largely indebted, while it has shielded the people against the exactions of rapacious corporations. That the iron highway, unlike the canal, is available at all seasons is a forcible argument in its favor. Admitting that it might or would cost double what it ought to cost—say $100,000 per mile—the State of New York, which in 1872 paid the railroad companies within its borders the sum of $93,000,000, would certainly save enough and more than enough to pay $8,400,000, the annual interest at seven per cent. on estimated cost of $120,000,000. The Erie Canal and the United States Post-office are both, to some extent, political machines, and yet the management of them is at least equal to that of the average of all railroads. As to centralization of power, that would be in the government, *which is the people;* whereas it is now seated in combinations more powerful than the people. Poor's *Railway Manual* for 1872 gives the gross earnings of the 57,000 miles of railroad then in operation at $473,000,000, which was much in excess of the national revenue. This enormous income is capable of being controlled and directed by a very few men, who, when self-interest conflicts with that of the people, are a unit against them. The railroad system employs great armies of operatives, controls the telegraph lines, is the best customer of the press, has the ear of the public, makes and unmakes political aspirants, retains legislators and highest legal talent, is soulless and yet immortal, finds in a perpetual charter the elixir of life, is devoid of personal responsibility, and can neither be hanged nor sent to the penitentiary, concentrates vast wealth in families, and only requires unscrupulous managers to become a worse tyrant than Nero, a more dangerous master than Robespierre. Therefore its froward and oppressive tendencies should be counteracted by the construction of a great highway directly under control of the people.

It would not be an untried experiment. The Belgian government owns a portion of the railways in its own country, sufficiently large to carry with it the balance of power, and this power is so exercised that the railroad management is the best in the world, while the people receive corresponding benefit. Nor would it be contrary to the spirit and letter of American law, for the reason that railroads are public highways invested with the right of "eminent domain," empowered to take private property "for public use," and transporting the greater part of what American citizens eat, drink, and wear. Government transportation, however, should not be exclusive, but only competitive—competitive in order to insure in fullest measure the blessings resulting from the application of steam to the public highways.

In regard to any possible corrupting influence, the committee avows its opinion that under any circumstances it could not be productive of so much corruption as that prevailing under the present system. In the session of 1872–3 President Watson, of the Erie Railroad, testified before a select committee of the New York Legislature that in 1868 more than $1,000,000 was disbursed from the treasury of that corporation for "extra and legal services," which, being interpreted, means efforts to control elections and to influence legislation. Jay Gould acknowledged the payment of numerous large sums in the three years prior to 1872 to Barber, Tweed, and others to influence legislation and elections. These amounts were charged in the "India-rubber account." His operations extended into four different States. It is notorious that nine-tenths of the money corruptly spent to influence legislation comes from railways bent on enactments antagonistic to the interests of the people. A national highway could not be instrumental of worse corruption, but would enforce retrenchment, economy, and comparative honesty in railroad management, and especially if operated under a civil service system that ignores political opinion, and prefers upright efficiency.

The location of such a railroad should follow a more or less direct westerly line to some point in Ohio, whence one branch should diverge to Chicago and another to St. Louis, thus uniting the three great receiving and distributing points of the country by great arteries of commerce, with which other cities and sections could establish connection. That it would pay there can be no doubt, in view of the immense traffic assured from the start. But if, as an investment, it should utterly fail, it would save to the people of the United States ten millions of dollars for every million laid out—save it to the producers and consumers East and West in the decreased cost of interchanging commodities—save it ten times over to the whole country in *the effect that it would have upon the management of our present railway system*, and in the enhanced value of landed property. Not less obvious is the power of the national government to build such a highway in the light of that constitutional clause which explicitly confers the right "to regulate commerce between the States," and of its admitted right to construct highways indispensably necessary to bind the several portions of the republic together in the bonds of common interest.

This report, adopted by the association, contains the germs of many subsequent legal reforms, and outlines changes in public policy that can only be wrought out as instructed national opinion may demand.

In 1877 an organization known as the Board of Trade was consolidated with the Cheap Transportation Association. The union then assumed the title of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, and legally continued to operate under the charter granted by the Legislature to the latter on June 9, 1875. New by-laws were adopted, objective points multiplied, and labor modified accordingly.

What the association under its new name has since accomplished for the good of city and country constitutes a very interesting chapter in the history of American finance and transportation—"the two determining powers of business." It has restricted, if not altogether stopped, the building of railways by impecunious and cunning adventurers, without paid up capital, and by means of bonds palmed off upon a confiding public; also the watering of stock, and undue taxation of travel and commerce to impart paying value to the dilution. It is largely through its agency that rings, which by their swindling machinations enrich a few prominent officials and managing shareholders at the expense of the public and of quiescent proprietors, have been shorn of much of their mischievous power; and that national laws prohibiting the leasing, consolidation, or combination of parallel lines of road, whereby competition is destroyed and the people's highways converted into monopolies, have been passed.

While pointing out the abuses of railway administration, the association clearly discerned that judicious and persistent action was quite as essential as talk. State and national legislation must be had. Reports setting forth intolerable evils were distributed by thousands throughout the land. Public opinion, sensitive and quick, responded to the appeal. So did the offending corporations. Evidence of this is borne by Poor's *Railway Manual* for 1874 and 1875, which states that much lower rates for transportation prevailed in 1874 than in any previous year on record, and yet, owing to economical and improved management, the net earnings were nearly equal to those of 1873, the largest known up to that time. It adds: "This is the direct result of public opinion being brought to bear upon the defects in our transportation system." Credit Mobilier, fast freight lines, construction, bridge, and supply companies, and other agencies by which unprincipled officials and managers enriched themselves at the cost of stockholders and the public, began to feel the constrictive pressure of outraged justice. Honest and economical administration was promised, if not inaugurated, and prospect of lower rates without detriment to proprietors dawned upon the future.

The association determined to procure the establishment of a Railroad Commission in the State of New York, and also such enactments by Congress as might be necessary to control and regulate inter-State transportation. In 1874 its Committee on Legislation drafted a State Railroad Commission bill, which was introduced into both Houses. Ex-United States Senator Warner Miller, then a member of the Assembly, took charge of it in that branch of the Legislature. Again brought forward in 1876, and argued *pro* and *con* before the Senate Committee on Railways, it suffered suffocation. Public opinion, subsequently vitalized by thorough investigation of the evils complained of, finally resuscitated the measure. Despite intense animosity of the railroads, and specific denial of charges made by commercial bodies, the Assembly (Hepburn) committee of 1877 reported that the charges were "fully proven," that the railroads of New York *did* discriminate against the citizens of the State and in favor of Western and foreign producers, also against certain localities of the State as compared with others, and in favor of certain individuals as compared with others in the same locality. These abuses they declared to be "so glaring in their proportions as to savor of fiction rather than actual history." Mitigative enactment followed in 1879, but the principal reform proposed was throttled in the Senate committee, of which a majority had been appointed in the railroad interest. As a packed jury, with presiding judge pecuniarily interested, it decided adversely. President Jewett, of the Erie Railroad, and others admitted the wrongs, and favored supervision by railroad commissioners, but, for partisan reasons, the dominant leaders refused the remedies they had pledged themselves to apply. More than of God, man, or devil, the selfish politician stands in awe of the popular vote. Therefore the Anti-monopoly League was created, and with the effect of changing the politics of the State. Out of nineteen Senators subservient to corporation interests, only three were re-elected, and these by greatly reduced majorities. The Railroad Commission bill once more put in an appearance, and although venomously assailed at every step, was eventually adopted, and received the signature of Governor Cornell on June 16, 1882. Accompanying the elevation of public sentiment indicated by this triumph of the board is a higher standard of judicial integrity, clearer perception of the loathsomely corrupt practices incident to elections, and also of the danger to society of permitting railroads or other corporations to be the instruments of unequal taxation and arbitrary redistribution of the people's wealth.

While the conflict was thus raging in the Empire State, the energies of the board were also employed in urging national legislation. John H. Reagan, of Texas, in the first instance, originated a measure which received great support from citizens generally. Next, a United States Senate committee, appointed to investigate and report upon the whole question of transportation, presented the draft of an inter-State commerce law, known, from the name of the chairman, as the Cullom bill. This, modified by incorporating some features of the Reagan bill, was passed in 1887, and is now the statute from which the Inter-State Commerce Commission derives its authority. Railroad influences powerfully antagonized the adoption of this statute to the last. Even the New York Chamber of Commerce was persuaded to oppose it, and Senator Evarts at a most critical moment presented their adverse resolution to the Senate. But the New York Board of Trade and Transportation never wavered in its support, and while, on the 17th of January, 1887, Senator Cullom was making his last appeal in its favor, telegraphed to him a letter and resolutions in full, affirming substantial concurrence of opinion among its members, than whom none had made a closer study of the subject, that the pending bill was the best measure they were likely to get, that it should have a fair trial, and that it was for the best interests both of the railroads and the shippers that it should become a law. Any defect that might be developed could be remedied in the future. This telegram, revealing the true sentiment of the metropolis, Senator Cullom received and read while on his feet.

The establishment of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, with power to regulate railroad transportation and charges in many material respects, has hurt the opposing companies much less than they feared. In some points it has given them positive relief. Prohibiting all discriminations and secret rebates, and requiring strict adherence to published list of charges, it provides a ready answer to demands for exceptional privileges. Nevertheless the demands have been made and conceded. If, so it was thought, the law could not be overruled, it might be perverted, and the old abuses substantially continued under new forms. The experiment, repeatedly and concertedly tried, imperilled the business existence of small shippers and buyers. Discriminating rates in favor of the larger against the smaller brought, in the year 1888, the principal trunk railroad companies as respondents, together with the proper committee of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation as complainants, before the bar of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Other parties petitioned for relief at the same time. These were the most important cases ever brought before the new tribunal. The burden of complaint was that an unjust and inequitable discrimination against the wholesale merchants of the Atlantic seaboard cities, and against the retail merchants —and thereby indirectly against the people—of all the interior States of the Union, was made by means of the "official classification," in force since April 1, 1887, under the guise of car-load as distinguished from less-than-car-load rates upon west-bound shipments of merchandise whose normal unit of shipment is the commercial package—the barrel, bundle, box, or bale—and not the car-load. This discrimination, moreover, was aggravated by an arbitrary requisition that the car-load shipment should be from one consignor to one consignee—an exaction not justified by any principle or distinction that might warrant any great difference in rate between car-load and less-than-car-load quantities of freight. The propriety of car-load rates wherever the car-load is the normal unit of shipment, unless prohibitive of carriage of the lesser quantities, or in contravention of the purposes and provisions of the Inter-State Commerce Act, was not questioned. From abundant evidence it appeared that car-load (12 tons, or 24,000 pounds) rates were given upon more than nine hundred different articles from single consignors to single consignees. Compared with these, the rates exacted for shipments of the same articles in any smaller quantities were from 16⅔ to 116⅔ per cent. higher. These differences in freight charges in some instances equalled or exceeded the net profits of jobbers, and were therefore practically prohibitory of sales at the seaboard, and of shipments Westward of smaller quantities. They operated exclusively in favor of Western jobbers, who constituted less than one per cent. of all the persons concerned, and cut off small buyers, individually and collectively, from the great competitive markets of the Atlantic seaboard. They were part of a cunning device to make up, as far as possible, to certain favored industries, individuals, and sections what they had lost by the prohibition of discriminating rates, rebates, and drawbacks.

That these unreasonable charges were illegal, that they perpetuated under the new law certain of the very mischiefs and irregularities against which the law itself was aimed, and that they were not justifiable by any theory adduced by the respondents, was demonstrated. The statute aimed at equality of right and privilege; the "official classification" was designed to destroy it. Therefore the complainants petitioned that the commission would order, in the public interest, that the obnoxious car-load rates upon all articles of commerce specified be discontinued, or made so close to the others as not to preclude shipments of the commercial package; that all rates upon any quantity of any of these articles be by the hundred-weight; that the respondents be ordered to cease from any species of unjust discrimination in view of quantity of any of these articles in the commercial package, or that depends upon the number of consignors or consignees; and that such rates and classification be adopted as should in no degree oppress or discriminate against the smaller shippers in the smaller localities.

Both sides were exhaustively heard; the testimony of conflicting interests was carefully weighed; the rules of relative equality and justice observed, and in the outcome the respondents were required to revise their classification and rates, and to reduce the unreasonable differences to a basis more in conformity with the statute. The closing paragraph of the decision, rendered in March, 1890, reads: "The commission orders that the respondents proceed forthwith to make the corrections indicated, and that they complete and put the same in effect within thirty days from the service of this order, with a copy of the report and opinion." Thus the board, with the aid of its efficient counsel Simon Sterne, scored what its members regard as another brilliant victory in behalf of the public.

Victory may be brilliant, but barren of beneficent results. The railroads, in this instance, neglected to comply with the mandate of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, requested a rehearing, and threatened to appeal from its decision. This, however, is not always the case in such contentions with railroad corporations, as is proved by the affirmative decision on appeal of the New York Supreme Court in October, 1882, upon the application of the Attorney-General, in behalf of the Special Committee on Railway Freight Grievances of the board, for writ of *mandamus* against the New York Central and Erie Railway companies, commanding them to resume forthwith the discharge of their duties as common carriers (suspended on account of a freight-handlers' strike), and the exercise of their franchises by promptly receiving, transporting, and delivering all such freight or other property as may be offered to "or had been received by them at their stations in and to the city of New York, upon the usual reasonable terms and charges." Mere technical objections of a dilatory nature were set aside. The signal importance of the question whether the people of the State can invoke the power of the courts to compel railroad corporations to exercise the most useful public functions with which they are clothed, was argued in luminous and conclusive manner. Duty to carry freight and passengers is asserted to be the *ultima ratio* for their existence, "the great and sole public good for the attainment or accomplishment of which all the other powers and duties are given or imposed." This duty is a public trust of which such companies are special donees or depositaries, and is active, potential, imperative. Strikes of freight-handlers on a question of wages—as at New York in July, 1882—do not justify dereliction from it. The body-politic then suffered enormous loss and inconvenience because of refusal to perform this duty. Authority to award the writ was affirmed.

Canal transportation is the "hobby," if it have any object of predominant affection, of the board. In former years traffic by the Erie and other canals owned by the State paid tolls much in excess of the amount expended for maintenance and repairs. But for several years prior to the abolition of all imposts, a provision of the State Constitution forbade expenditure upon the canals beyond what had been paid into the Treasury during the previous year from tolls upon canal business. This provision of the Constitution was intended to prevent repetition of the frauds perpetrated by the notorious Canal Ring. For many years there had been no improvement in canal transportation, while the railroads, spurred by canal competition to adopt every device that science and inventive art could produce, had greatly decreased the cost of rail transportation. Rail rates were approaching the level of water rates, and interested parties industriously promulgated the assertion that the canals had passed their period of usefulness. The tonnage of the canals fell off, and in some cases the tolls, then near their highest point, operated to divert trade by rail to other ports. Then came the movement for the reduction of tolls. Railroad managers, wearied by the reduction of their own rates through canal competition, seeing in this an opportunity, sought relief by essaying to ruin their competitors. Chairman A. B. Miller, of the Board's Canal Committee, charged them in 1881 with persistent and determined effort to crush out the wholesome protection that nature's highways of commerce afford the public by bankrupting all persons engaged in canal transportation. They confessed that the Erie Canal was the great controller of freight rates within and without the precincts of the State, and therefore the subject of selfish and bitter enmity. Friends of the canal, aware of its value in conducting the immense wealth of Western products to New York, thereby making it the outlet of export, and the great distributing point of import trade—the pivotal point of inter-State and international commerce—hastened to the rescue. The strategy of its foes was transparent. It was by a losing competition with the canals for a few years to reduce the receipt of tolls below the requirements of maintenance. The canals would then fall into bad condition, ruin, and disuse, inasmuch as the State had no authority to raise money wherewith to supplement the inadequacy of tolls for their preservation.

Year by year the tolls were reduced. The effect of reduction was the temporary increase of business. Then the railroads waged open war upon the canals. Special inducements were held out to shippers of all articles paying tolls to forward them by rail. The Erie Canal lost transportation, and the State lost revenue. The margin between canal receipts and canal expenditures became dangerously narrow. The railroads gained business, but at ruinous rates. Had the tolls of a single year fallen below the cost of maintenance, the canal was doomed. It could have been saved only by changing the State Constitution, which would have consumed three years. Within this period boats would have decayed, and canalers have addicted themselves to other pursuits. At this juncture Abram B. Miller initiated agitation for free canals. The railroad interest desperately resisted. The struggle was one of giants. It covered the State, and preserved the canals. The greenest laurels of conquest crowned the New York Board of Trade and Transportation. Substantial avails fell to the public. Wheat has since been carried from Buffalo to New York at a cost, covering all charges, of three and a half cents per bushel—a feat at one time supposed to be impossible to remunerative transit agency. In seven months of the year it conveys more than one-half—from fifty-six to fifty-eight per cent.—the total arrivals of grain in New York.

Canal improvement followed in 1885. The board called a convention at Utica. There the "Union for the Improvement of the Canals of the State of New York," with ex-Governor Horatio Seymour as president, and Frank S. Gardner as secretary, was formed. Since then the State has appropriated about $2,250,000 for improvements, including the lengthening of locks, so that boats which commonly travel in pairs may be passed by two at a time—thus saving energy, money, and time.

In regard to ocean transportation, the restoration of our merchant marine has always been matter of unfailing solicitude to members of the board. With this object in view, a convention of ship-owning and other commercial bodies was called by them in the city of Boston, Massachusetts, October 6–8, 1880. The aim of that convention was of undoubted national importance; but how, by way of national legislation, to place American shipping upon the ocean under as favorable conditions as the vessels of other nations is yet one of the vexed problems on whose solution all experts are not agreed. As President Ambrose Snow remarked, their differences can only be reconciled by yielding some of the more advanced views on the one hand, and of conservative views on the other.

The convention resolved that as means toward the desiderated end, permission should be granted to take goods of foreign production or manufacture out of bond free of duty whenever such goods are to be taken as stores on any ship bound from a United States to a foreign port, *or to any United States port on the Pacific Ocean*; that shipping property should be exempted from all local or municipal taxation, except as to the net income accruing from it; that compulsory pilotage should be abolished; that proper payments for mail service be made to efficient American lines of steamships between domestic and important foreign ports; that the national government should grant a bounty per ton per year for sail tonnage, and also a differential one for steam tonnage for a period of years to vessels not exceeding fifteen years of age, and engaged only in foreign trade, and that all custom-house dues, including tonnage tax, collected from the vessels of all nations, our own as well as the rest, in all portions of the United States, should be set apart by the United States Senate and House of Representatives as a special fund, which shall be appropriated exclusively to pay the recommended bounty to American shipping; that liability of ship-owners should be graduated by the value of ownership; and that Congress should provide seamen for our ships of war by fostering the establishment of steamship lines to other countries, and especially to the sister republics of Central and South America, thus opening up channels of trade by offering safe and rapid passenger and mail communication. Captain Ambrose Snow was appointed one of a committee of seven to present the resolutions of this convention to the consideration of Congress.

Nine years after the date of the Boston convention, the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, October 9, 1889, unanimously resolved that whereas the United States flag in the foreign carrying trade covers 61,717 tons of American shipping less than in 1810, and 1,577,592 tons less than in 1861, and whereas it is essential to the best good of our people that the merchant marine be enlarged, close commercial intercourse with other countries established, and distribution of the products of American labor facilitated by equality of conditions on the ocean, therefore it reaffirms previous action in favor of the tonnage bill applying alike to sail and steam vessels engaged in foreign commerce, and requests the committee on ocean transportation to use their best endeavors to secure through Congress some measure that will accomplish the desired end.

Consistency, at least, distinguishes this procedure, inasmuch as the board has always advocated the doctrine that the United States should treat the merchant marine as liberally as other nations treat theirs, believing that it is impossible for American citizens, unaided by the national government, to compete successfully with foreign ship-owners, backed as they are by the national treasuries of Europe. It is estimated that at least $150,000,000 are paid annually by American citizens to foreign proprietors of foreign lines of steamers plying between American and foreign ports for the transportation of their persons and property. These millions are held to be a continual drain upon the national treasure. Admiral Porter recently said, "In the last eight years no less than *one billion two hundred millions of dollars* have been paid to foreign steamships—a sum almost equal to our national debt, and a burden that is only made tolerable owing to the immense resources of our country." The same gentleman also shows that the United States can, by the payment of a bounty of 30 cents per ton per thousand miles sailed in the foreign trade, create a fleet of 40 steamers of 8000 tons each, at an annual expense of only $4,608,000. This sum would be retained at home through payment to our own citizens. By such an outlay the $150,000,000 now yearly disbursed for foreign service would be distributed among those of our own people who are busied in over 175 industries connected with the construction, equipment, and working of such a fleet.

This the board regards as a national question, to be considered in an American way. It teaches that due encouragement of shipping will save money, open avenues abroad for trade, find additional markets for surplus products, and multiply employment for domestic labor, and that "the ship-builder, in fact, is the greatest consumer, and the largest benefactor of every producer, of all other industrial consumers in the world."

During the session of Congress in 1890 the Senate passed the tonnage bill and the foreign mail payment bill.

Terminal facilities early demanded the action of the board. The number of men endowed with genius for universal affairs is very few. Many individuals intrusted with railroad management are of the brightest and most capable, but even they are not infrequently purblind to public interests, and commensurately to their own. Exacting demands leave scant time for new projects, and these, when proposed, are often resisted at the outset. But no sooner does the pecuniary wisdom of adoption become manifest than the recalcitrants are prepared to carry them out. Reform is everywhere the task of bitter necessity. The Cheap Transportation Association attempted to secure improved terminal facilities at New York for the handling and storage of produce and merchandise. At the epoch of its organization, not one of the great trunk lines terminating in the city possessed a grain elevator. Means were lacking to bring car, ship, and warehouse close together, and to diminish the friction and waste of energy, which imply waste of time and money, and add to the selling price of products. Leading members of the Produce Exchange co-operated, and on February 10, 1874, formally testified with pleasure to the efforts of the Cheap Transportation Association, and to the general endorsement of the public press, to awaken capitalists and railway managers to the great need of elevators at the termini of the great lines from the West, believing that such structures, so located, would do much to relieve the overburdened avenues of trade, and to advance the commercial prosperity of the city.

The results of this timely agitation are now witnessed in the colossal receiving elevators standing on the docks of the Erie, Pennsylvania, and New York Central railroads. All these have lucratively co-operated with the floating transfer elevators introduced by Fancher & McChesney in 1846 to raise the export trade of New York in 1889 to $345,859,615, or 41½ per cent. of that of the United States; and its import trade to $493,030,981, or 64 per cent. of that of the whole country. New York has about 53 per cent. of the total trade of the United States. The value of merchandise imported through it in 1890 was $516,426,693; that of domestic merchandise exported was $340,268,765. Here the products of the continent meet the tonnage of the world. Here is room for half the commerce of the globe. Here is urgent need of continuous thought, energy, and expenditure to retain supremacy of commercial receipt and delivery.

The alliance of the railroad power, which is still the ruling element in the country despite all curbing legislation, with the local storage and transportation interests, the warehouse, lighterage, and elevator concerns, which employ an aggregate capital little if any less than that invested (from fifty to sixty million dollars) in the terminal plants of the great trunk lines, only emphasizes the need of alert practical thinkers to guide the machinery of commerce in New York, and to watch over the public interest. The elevator charge of five-eighths of a cent per bushel, when it is asserted that an overcharge of one-eighth would turn away business from the Erie Canal, is a moot obstacle in their path. Insufficient storage is another that will be overcome when the consummation of plans for the improvement of the New York water-front has paved the way for the "erection of the finest and most perfectly equipped warehouse system which can be ordered by commercial science."

The Committee on Legislation annually appointed by the board is necessarily one of the busiest, and receives ready aid from colleagues charged with the consideration of special subjects. Keenly alive to the need of preserving the Adirondack forests (or 2,500,000 acres of them) as vitally related to the agriculture and commerce of the State, the board wisely sought legislation for that purpose, urging that historical and scientific researches teach that deforestation of regions whose population "celebrated life as a festival" has been followed by aridity and barrenness; that extirpation of the woods on American water-sheds has impaired the utility of streams for manufactures, caused alternations of flood and drought, silted up harbors, facilitated conflagrations, generated sickness, and deprived canals and water-courses of adequate supply; and that these statements are certainly true of the Adirondack region and its dependencies. During the session of 1885 its committee was instrumental in harmonizing the conflicting interests through whose variance all prior measures had failed, and in promoting the bill creating the State Forestry Commission.

The State Assignment Law is an equitable statute, so far as it goes, for which the citizens of New York are indebted to the vigorous action of the board. Insolvent debtors formerly had the power to "prefer" friends in the distribution of their assets, and thus to defraud their general creditors. Since June 2, 1887, this power has been circumscribed within the limits of a clear one-third of the bankrupt estate. But this is not satisfactory. The resolute board intends to beat the third down to an eighth. It would prefer the bill prohibiting all preferences, except for salary or wages to the extent of $100 to each claimant, for whose passage it formerly put forth every legitimate effort.

The story of this "fight," like that of many others for just and equal law, is equally instructive and interesting as showing how laws are made, what they start from, how they are framed and presented to the law-making Assembly, and what their various experiences in committee and in the two Houses. It also sheds light on the mystery of antagonism between rural and civic representatives, and on the microscopic knowledge of law, or anything else outside personal interest and gain, of sundry Solons. It reveals the methods by which the few honest, brave, and intelligent members of both Houses sometimes succeed in guiding to an assured haven the waifs thrown upon the mercy of their colleagues. The "miracle of miracles," in the opinion of men of light and leading, is that the commonwealth can live, and, still more, prosper, under the legislation of persons whose chief qualification for the function is the "pull" possessed in their respective districts. Henry Ward Beecher is credited with the advice, "If you wish to enjoy your dinner at a hotel, stay away from the kitchen; and if you want to respect the laws of the land you live in, stay away from the place where they are cooked up." Conceding all that is implied in these generalizations, it may further be insisted that they exhibit the need of just such bodies as the New York Board of Trade and Transportation.

In the protection of the harbor of New York from the derangement wrought by natural and artificial causes, the members have been incessantly active. Slips and basins are constantly invaded by sewage, and also by silt of fluviatile and tidal currents. Frequent dredging is indispensable to proper depths at the piers for modern shipping. Dredgings were legally required to be deposited by the parties causing the slips to be dredged in specified places or positions. But the scope of the law was restricted by its own terms as applicable to the undefined port of New York, and also by the rights of the State of New Jersey. Nocturnal and other violators, through loop-holes in the law, often escaped punishment. Mud was dumped in the main ship channel below Bedloe's Island. A chart made by the United States Coast Survey indicated that on Oyster Island, a shoal just below Bedloe's, the water had been reduced in depth some 24 feet in one place, and in varying degrees for a large space around it. The imminent peril to navigation from this evil practice was forcibly depicted by the board both to the State and to the national legislatures, and the necessary legal prevention obtained.

The act of the New York Legislature in 1889 that provides in seafaring men, persons engaged in the navigation of interior waters, ship-constructors, ship and yacht owners, and former members of the navy, a naval militia, to be fully and systematically organized for the defence of the State and nation—an act that commands the warm approval of statesmen and eminent soldiers and sailors—is wholly due to the action of the board. It has also been instrumental in procuring the passage of similar laws by the States of Rhode Island and Pennsylvania. New York and Boston now have organized battalions of naval militia, and made a splendid exhibit of efficiency at the drills in Massachusetts Bay and at Fishers Island, New York, in 1891. The Naval Reserve of the country, it is said, was first proposed in the administration of Andrew Jackson. It did not materialize until that of Benjamin Harrison, who signed the bill that included an item of $25,000 for distribution among the States possessed of naval militia organizations.

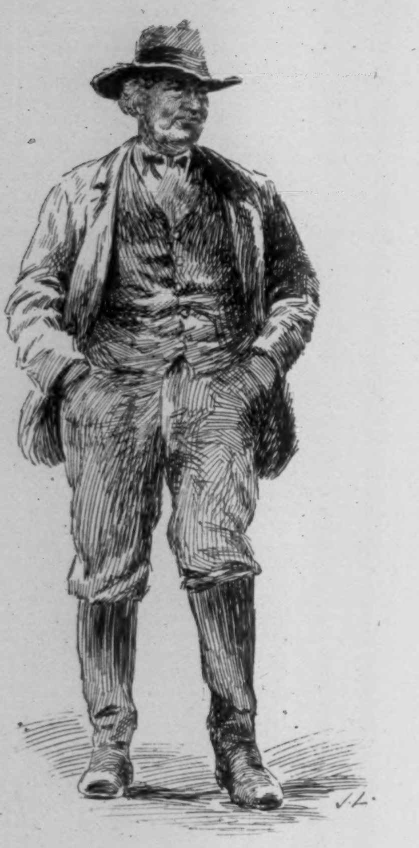
Appreciating the world-wide relations of American commerce, the board delegated Morris S. Wise, one of its directors, to the International Industrial Congress at Paris, France, in 1889. The United States Treasury Department subsequently accredited the same able and accomplished gentleman as the representative of the United States to that assembly. There, during the month of August, he read an excellent and valuable paper on "Trade-marks and Trade-mark Law in the United States of America."

Study of the silver coinage problem and action consistent with conclusion have absorbed much of the time at command of the board, and particularly in the year 1885. The question is a broad one; the field of labor conterminous with the republic. To prevent excessive coinage of standard silver dollars was the one object for which systematic labor was unceasing. Numerous documents were circulated; in some instances 50,000 copies were printed at one time. Almost every Congressional district was reached, and in every one correspondents were established. With the aid of the latter, a wonderfully effective influence was brought to bear upon the Congressmen. Secretary Darwin R. James, well qualified by Asiatic as well as American experiences to treat the subject judiciously, in his place as Representative in Congress, with "plain words from a plain man for plain people," proved that the silver was not merely a local, but also a national, and even an international issue. The New York *Daily Commercial Bulletin*, December 21, 1885, in speaking of the dangers of defeat, remarked: "The business men of New York have no idea of how much they owe to the influence of the Board of Trade [and Transportation] upon Congress and the State Legislature. These comments are called for by the fact that large communities have to make their demands on legislators through their expository organizations, and when these organizations are ineffective, legislation goes by default." If merchants and bankers be unwilling to incur some sacrifice in doing such work, "they must stand prepared for the consequences which they profess to dread." Just at that epoch Congress seemed bent on pouring silver money upon the country in such unlimited quantities as, in the opinion of conservatives, boded disaster. The change of sentiment experienced by many members during the session was the result of the labors pointed out by the *Bulletin* editorial.

Pools between ocean cable companies, accompanied by the doubling of rates charged for the transmission of ocean telegraphic messages; consolidation and extortion of land telegraph corporations; inequalities of passenger commutation fares; encroachment upon canal lands by railroads; bridging of the Hudson River below Albany; exaction of license fees from commercial travellers by local authorities in other States; construction of the Hennepin Canal and other inland improvements for the benefit of commerce; appropriation by the State of New York of at least $1,000,000 to represent and promote its interests at the approaching Columbian Exposition in Chicago; opposition to inquisitorial, unjust, and futile systems of taxation, and especially those which aim to place the burden of maintaining civil government wholly upon personal estate; organization of a New York State Board of Trade that will secure concurrent action of merchants and manufacturers on all matters germane to distinctive interests; repeal of oppressive corporation laws, which, according to an itemized statement of Mr. Coleman, President of the New York Tax Commissioners, forced capital aggregating $450,000,000 out of New York into the counties of Hudson and Essex, New Jersey, between January 1, 1890, and January 20, 1891; organization of the State Legislature in a manner that will guard the public welfare; reduction of letter postage; institution of a limited postal telegraph and telephone system in connection with all free-delivery post-offices in the United States; creation of civic boards of telephone commissioners in all cities with over 600,000 inhabitants; abolition of stamp tax on proprietary articles and bank checks; unjust taxation bills; abrogation of the unjust provisions in the Sandwich Islands reciprocity treaty; unnecessary obstruction of the streets of New York by steam-heating and power companies; improvement of the pavements; amendment of customs and warehousing laws; building of additional water-works for the city; improvement of the water-front; abuse of dock facilities; exorbitant charges for wharf accommodations; establishment of a freight bureau in the metropolis, with equal facilities for all forwarders; insidious assaults upon the national patent laws; consular certification of foreign invoices; uniform and equitable bills of lading; and many cognate affairs—have received close scientific attention from the New York Board of Trade and Transportation, which, through its potent influence upon State and national legislatures, has made the fact perfectly plain, and, on the whole, pretty well appreciated, that all forms of social organization are always the servants but never the masters of the American people.

The board, through its Committee on Railroad Transportation, aided by the legal counsel of John D. Kernan, first chairman of the New York State Railroad Commission, instituted in November, 1889, and subsequently maintained proceedings before the Inter-State Commerce Commission against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and allied corporations for unjust discrimination against New York and other Atlantic seaboard cities, in that they charged regular tariff rates upon property delivered to them at New York and Philadelphia for transportation to Chicago and other Western points, while charging other persons interested in ocean transportation rates much lower, and even as low as fifty per cent. thereof, for similar service when the property was delivered to them by vessels and steamship lines under through bills of lading from foreign ports and foreign interior points. For example, the through rates by the American Line of steamships on March 4, 1889, for linens from Dunfermline, Scotland, to Chicago was 88 cents, being 42 cents by rail and ocean to Philadelphia, and 46 cents from thence to Chicago, while the regular tariff from Philadelphia to Chicago was 88 cents. On June 17, 1889, the through rates for tin plate from Liverpool to Chicago was 24 cents, while the tariff from Philadelphia to Chicago was 28 cents. This practice is complained of as secretive, unfair, and illegal. The redress sought will doubtless be obtained.

The gallant effort now being made by the board to reduce oppressive telephone charges in the city of New York is in behalf of public justice, and in due season will probably be crowned with success. The committee appointed by the Assembly in April, 1887, elicited the fact that New York city is served by the Metropolitan Telephone and Telegraph Company, and also the further fact that the company's net earnings in six years amounted to $2,843,454 33, being $473\frac{91}{100}$ per cent. net profit on an original cash investment of $600,000. The company itself is a consolidation of the Bell Telephone Company, of New York, and the Gold and Stock Telegraph



THE CAPTAIN OF THE FLOAT.

Company, the latter being owned by the Western Union Telegraph Company. Consolidation implied monopoly, and monopoly raised the charge for telephone service from $90 to $150 and $180 per year. The first bill introduced to the Legislature at the instance of the board limited the charge for telephone service in cities of 500,000 inhabitants and over to $6 per month, and in cities and villages of less population to $3 per month. Hitherto selfish and sinister opposition has thwarted this equitable scheme. There is hope, however, that the present bill before the Legislature, introduced by Assemblyman Malone and Senator Aspinall, and which proposes that telephone rates in the city of New York shall be regulated by a commission, may become law.

The passage of a national bankruptcy law is one of the *desiderata* of mercantile circles. The history of excellent work done by the board with a view to achieve this would fill volumes. Its special committee labored persistently both in season and out of season, not with members of Congress only, but with the constituencies, whose votes made the latter legislators of pre-eminent distinction and power. Correspondent friends of the cause were in every State of the Union. The pains of gathering and recording their names were not slight; to keep them always in touch with what was going on at the centre implied toil still more severe. But it was done systematically and thoroughly. In 1885 the friends of such an enactment in the House of Representatives numbered only five less than a majority of two-thirds of all the members present. At the critical juncture of affairs fifteen New York Congressmen were absent in Albany electioneering for a United States Senator. Because of their absence, the two-thirds majority could not be had. Late in the session as it was, other claims forced themselves upon legislative notice, and the bankruptcy bill was temporarily ignored. Subsequent tentative legislation affords the hope that a satisfactory enactment will yet be included in the list of United States statutes.

The usefulness of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation is peculiar as its functions are singular. It is the sworn foe of duplicity, cunning, and fraud; it is the incarnation of Anglo-Saxon, or, rather, of American fair play, rejoicing in the rewards of ability, ingenuity, and industry, but sternly rebuking selfishness and greed; it upholds equality before the law, and is faithful to the fundamental ideas of American nationality; it is constructive, productive, and enriching in the domain of economic science and industrial art, and adds millions to the wealth of the city, State, and nation every year. This, again, by investment in town and county, gives employment to laborers, artisans, and practical scientists, increases the rolls of taxable property, augments the resources and multiplies the power of the entire country.

Of the spirit, philosophy, and work of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation it would be difficult to find a more cogent expression than that of the late Hon. William Windom, Secretary of the United States Treasury, whose early association with the charter members, active sympathy with their objects and purposes, and gratitude for what had been done in the interests of better and cheaper transportation, peculiarly fitted him to respond to the toast, "Our country's prosperity dependent upon its instruments of commerce," at the annual banquet on January 29, 1891. The magnitude and prosperity of our domestic commerce he ascribed to careful protection and liberal fostering of internal and coastwise trade. Like encouragement to our foreign commerce, he held, would be productive of like prosperity, and would restore the time when our merchant marine was the "boast of every citizen and the envy of the world."

Secretary Windom believed the ideal financial system to be one that will furnish just enough of absolutely sound currency to meet the legitimate wants of trade, and that has enough elasticity of volume to adjust itself to the varying necessities of the people. "The opportunity for securing such a currency may be found in our bonded debt, which should, in my judgment, be in part exchanged for interconvertible bonds, bearing a low rate of interest, and always interchangeable for money at the will of the holder." The power of such an arrangement to relieve the difficulties of business and to prevent commercial disaster, he insisted, was signally apparent in the last five months of the year 1863. It will hasten the inevitable hour when New York will become the financial as well as the commercial centre of the world.

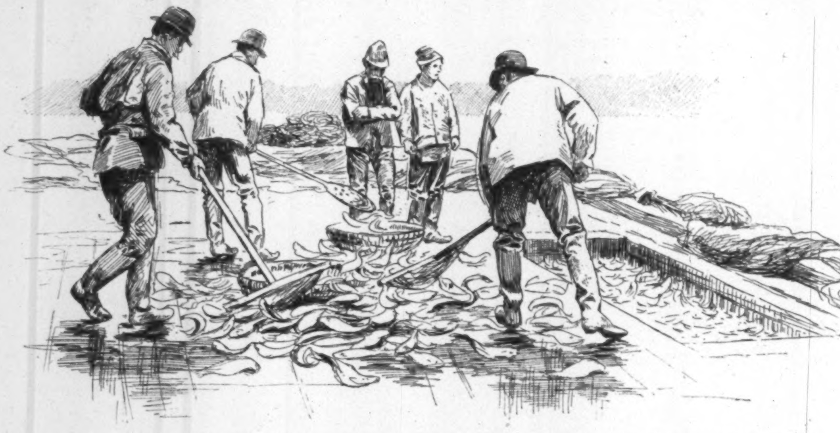
When uttering these opinions, Secretary Windom was in the zenith of intellectual and political power. His sun set at mid-day. Enthusiastic applause greeted his eloquent statements, and was gracefully acknowledged. Two minutes later, while Judge Arnoux was introducing the Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, ex-U. S. Secretary of State, as the next speaker, Mr. Windom slipped from his seat to the floor. His fall was gently broken by the prompt assistance of Secretary Tracy, but was consentaneous with the loss of consciousness. Death was immediate. The workmen die, but the work goes on; and goes on all the better because of the thorough scientific training imparted to successors by their forebears. The flowers, the fruitage, the fragrance of tropic islet are the direct logical outgrowth of many-millioned co-operation. The future ideal trade, commerce, and prosperity of city, State, and nation are the coming resultants of living forces, among the chief of which is that of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation.

SHAD-FISHING ON THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER.

Illustrated by Joseph Lauber.

The American shad belongs to the herring family, a group of fishes that contributes a greater food supply and furnishes employment for more men and boats than any other, not even excepting the cod.

This fish is not particularly interesting to the angler, though it often will take bait, and under favorable circumstances will rise to the artificial fly,* yet it is highly prized by all for its sweet and delicate flavor, whether baked, broiled, or boiled, and, above all, when planked. I doubt if there is anything finer in the way of fish than a fresh buck shad properly cooked in that style and served "piping hot," with a pat of fresh butter and a slice of lemon.



THE LAST OF THE HAUL—ONE OF THE TRENCHES IN WHICH THE FISH FLAP THEMSELVES NEARLY FREE FROM SCALES.

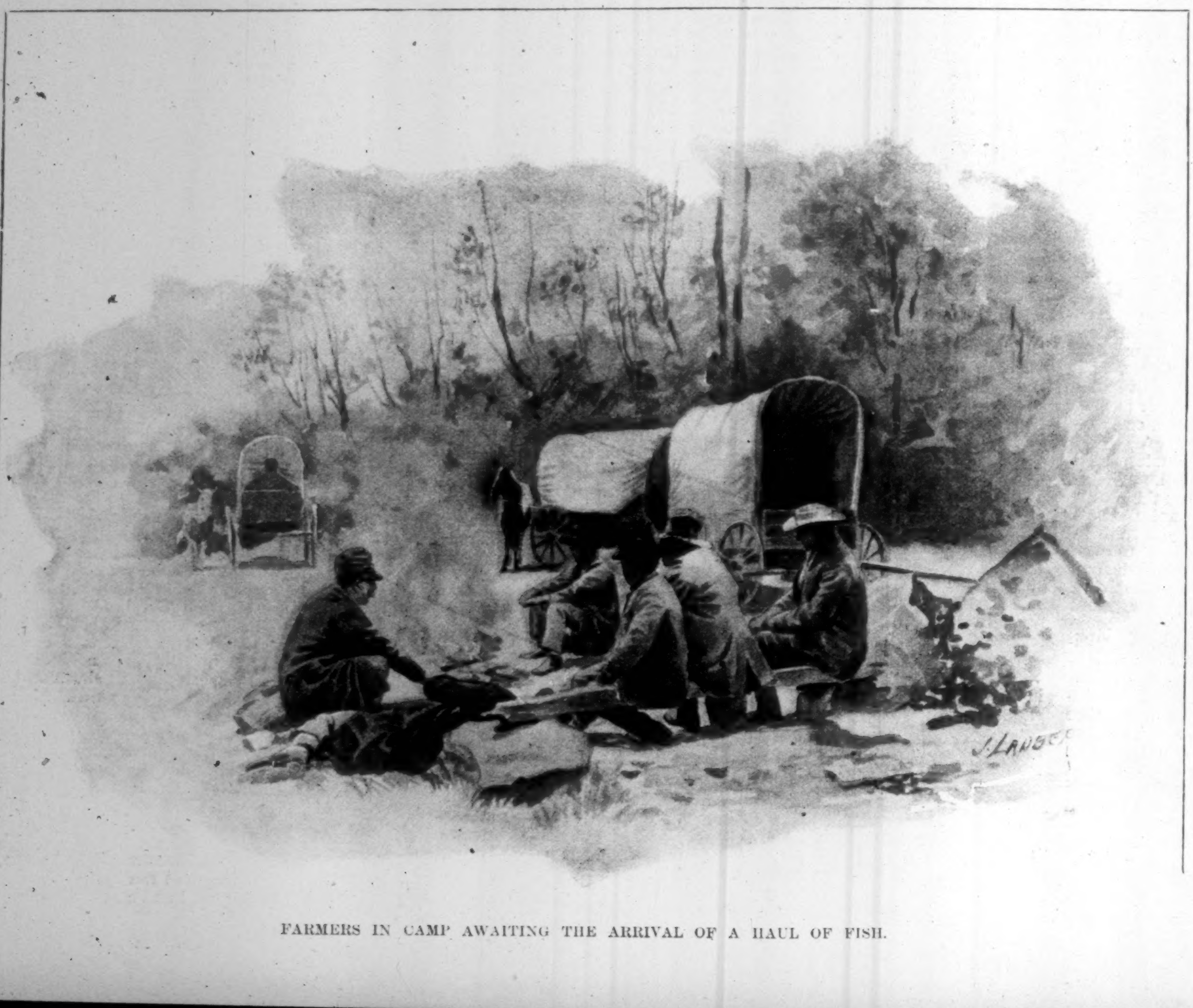
They have what they call shad in Europe, but they are poor miserable little things, and cannot be compared to our noble fish, which is a truly American production, and ranks with canvas-backs, terrapin, and Blue Points.

Shad make their appearance in the rivers of the Atlantic coast as soon as the temperature of the water suits them. They do not move up along the coast in a body, sending detachments into the various streams, but spend the winters in deep water not far from the mouths of the rivers in which they were hatched, and when the proper time arrives ascend as far as possible in order to spawn. A full-grown shad will drop about 30,000 eggs, which hatch out in thirty-six to forty-eight hours. When through spawning, they return to the ocean, reduced in weight and unfit for food.

By the first week in April shad appear in the Susquehanna River in sufficient numbers to make the fishing profitable. During the winter the great nets have been overhauled and mended, and by the latter part of March the captains have gathered their crews together, put their boats in order, and everything in shape for the expected run of fish.

In old times the shad used to run up the Susquehanna for hundreds of miles. They were caught in large numbers at Wilkesbarre, up the north and west branches, and clear up into New York State, and the people came for miles back to get their share of the great harvest, camping on the banks of the river while they salted and smoked, ate and drank and made merry. It was not unusual for the farmers to save fish enough to last them until the next season's catch. But now all is changed; great dams bar the river, and the migration of the shad is very much shortened, and the fishing operations, so well pictured by our artist, are confined to the lower part of the Susquehanna.

At Havre de Grace, just below the railroad bridge, there is a famous place for shad, and thousands are caught there every spring and shipped to the various markets. The operation of seining is a very interesting and exciting scene. The great nets, often 2500 to 3000 yards long, are piled up in the stern of the big row-boats until they look like hay-stacks; the crews pull out to the furthest point, and encircle a great expanse of water; then heavy ropes are made fast to each end of the seine, which are carried to shore, and the windlass, worked by either steam or horse power, slowly and surely drags them



FARMERS IN CAMP AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF A HAUL OF FISH.

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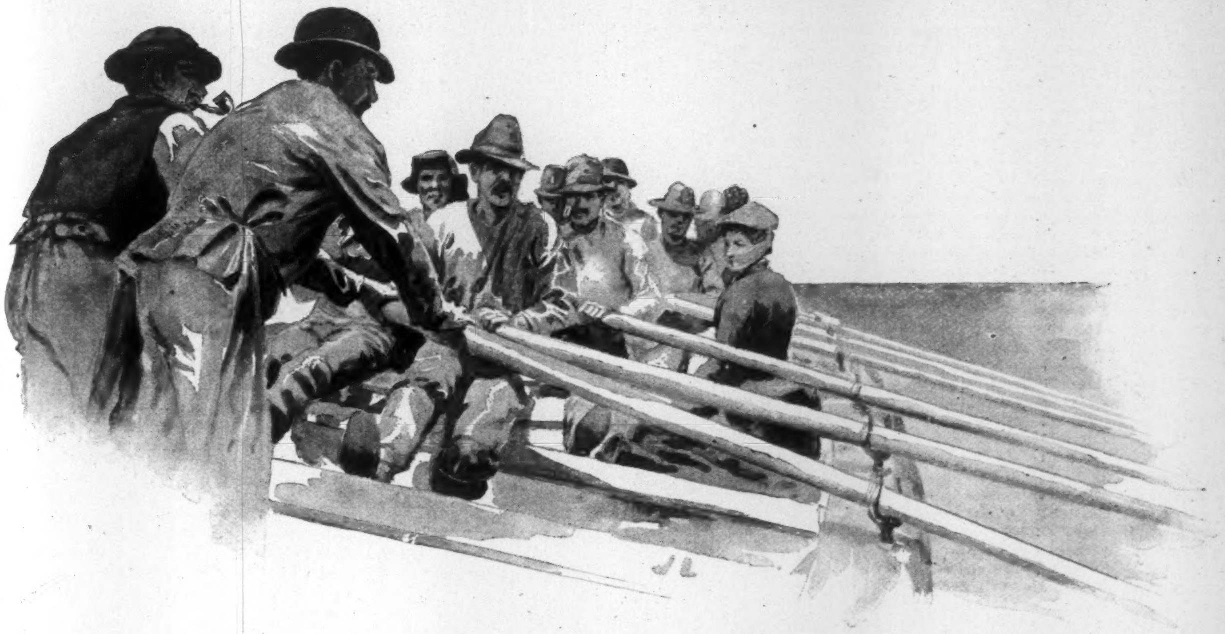
* One reason why shad are not taken more by anglers is because they are not fished for at the proper season. The only place where fly fishing for shad is followed to any extent is at the foot of the dam at Holyoke. They can be taken with the fly or small shrimp wherever there is broken water below a dam, and it is not unusual for the early fisherman to take them in the Hudson River. In one instance I know a catch of seventeen made on one tide. They have delicate mouths, and require careful handling.



THE CREW OF THE SEINE-BOAT ON THE WAY OUT.

in. While this is going on, the crews have a rest, but as soon as the seine nears the land or float with its glistening flashing mass of fish, then all is bustle and excitement. The men dash in and help haul the net ashore, while others dip the shad out with long-handled scoop-nets, to be carried to the sheds, where they are counted and packed, ready for the Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington markets. There are many other fish brought in besides shad. Many a fine striped bass and countless perch, herring, eels, etc., find themselves hurried out of their native element, and the hangers-on that line the shore secure many a fat prize and live in clover. Sometimes a big sturgeon is included in the catch, but they are apt to make trouble, and must be killed or gotten rid of, else they will tear a hole in the seine, and allow the bulk of the fish to escape.

When a "haul" is made at night, the sight is even more interesting than by daylight. The flashing torches and lanterns, the camp fires along the shore, the yelling and shouting of the men, and splashing and flashing of the silvery shad, all tend to make a scene not easily forgotten.

The seining is often done from floats which are built long enough to contain sheds, engine, bunks for the men—in fact, almost a village in itself.

At favorable spots along the shore smaller seines are drawn by means of a windlass worked by horse or mule power. While, again, many of the residents along the river club together, and manage the seine with their own strong arms for their mutual benefit. Many shad are taken by either floating or stationary gill-nets, but these methods furnish no excitement to the on-looker, and are altogether "slow" compared with the picturesque operation of seining.

Were it not for the operations of the United States Fish Commission, our supply of shad would have long ago become exhausted; but thanks to their unceasing labors, the supply has been kept up by artificial hatching, and even many barren waters, notably on the Pacific coast, where shad were unknown, made to swarm with this superb food fish.

WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

AN OPEN QUESTION.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE AND M. A. R.

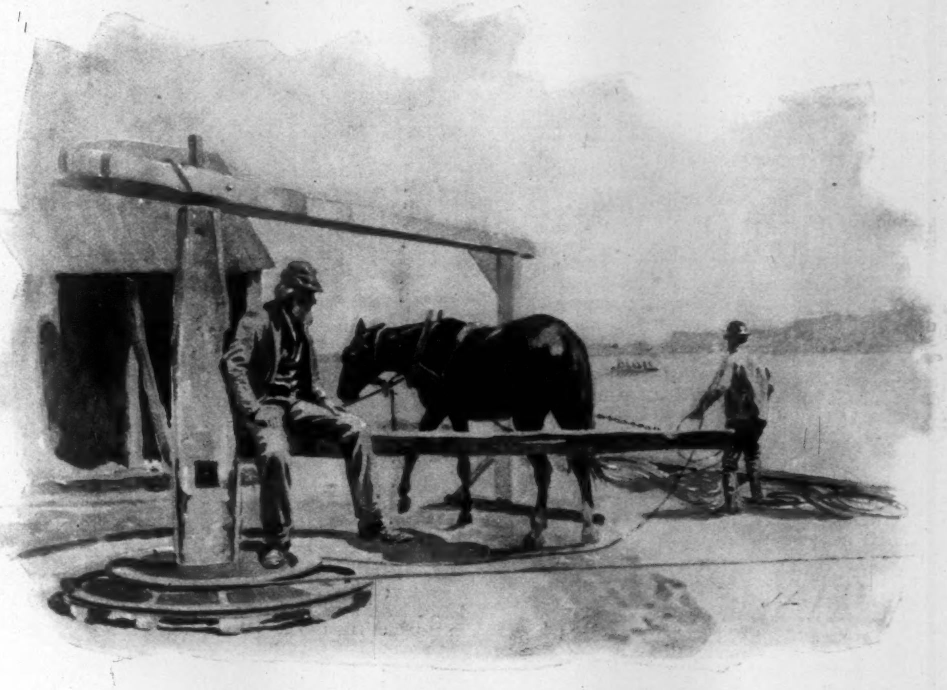
THE altar in the Church of our Saviour at Kiev was brilliantly illuminated. Before the image of the Virgin Mother, selected as the guardian of young wives, burned a great candle, and lesser lights twinkled before the other icons.

At the foot of the altar knelt the bride and groom, and behind them stood their relatives in a half-circle. Back of these again the body of the church was crowded with wedding guests, for the bride was the daughter of a high official; and, besides, she had a story; not a very long story, nor a dark one—only that the man kneeling beside her was not her first love.

Rumor whispers that the bride's first love vows have been rudely broken by her father's orders, and the living question in the church is, "Has rumor been correct?"

The congregation are divided in their opinions. Half believe no; half, yes. The topic has been the agitation of the community since the announcement of the marriage.

Now they only wait for the priest to say, "Hast thou ever plighted thy troth to another before promising to be this man's true wife?" and the question will be settled forever. The bride and groom rose and advanced to the table set below the altar, where the priest awaited them. She was fair, slender, and her light hair curled in a soft mass over her head, and played hide-and-seek about her dainty ears and the nape of her shapely neck. She stood blushing under the white tulle veil, which covered her from head to foot. As for the groom, the church was alive with whispers.



HORSE-WINDLASS USED FOR HAULING IN THE SEINE.

"He is insignificant-looking."

"He is clever."

"What did she see in him?"

"She does not love him."

"She adores him."

And always, and over and over again, "What will she answer?"

The bride lit the candle which she held in her hand at one of the lighted shrines, and the service began. The silence was breathless from the opening, but as the time for the solemn and momentous question arrives, a slight rustle proclaims that all bend forward to hear.

"Hast thou ever plighted thy troth to another before promising to be this man's wife?" asks the priest.

And the bride answers, unhesitatingly, "No."

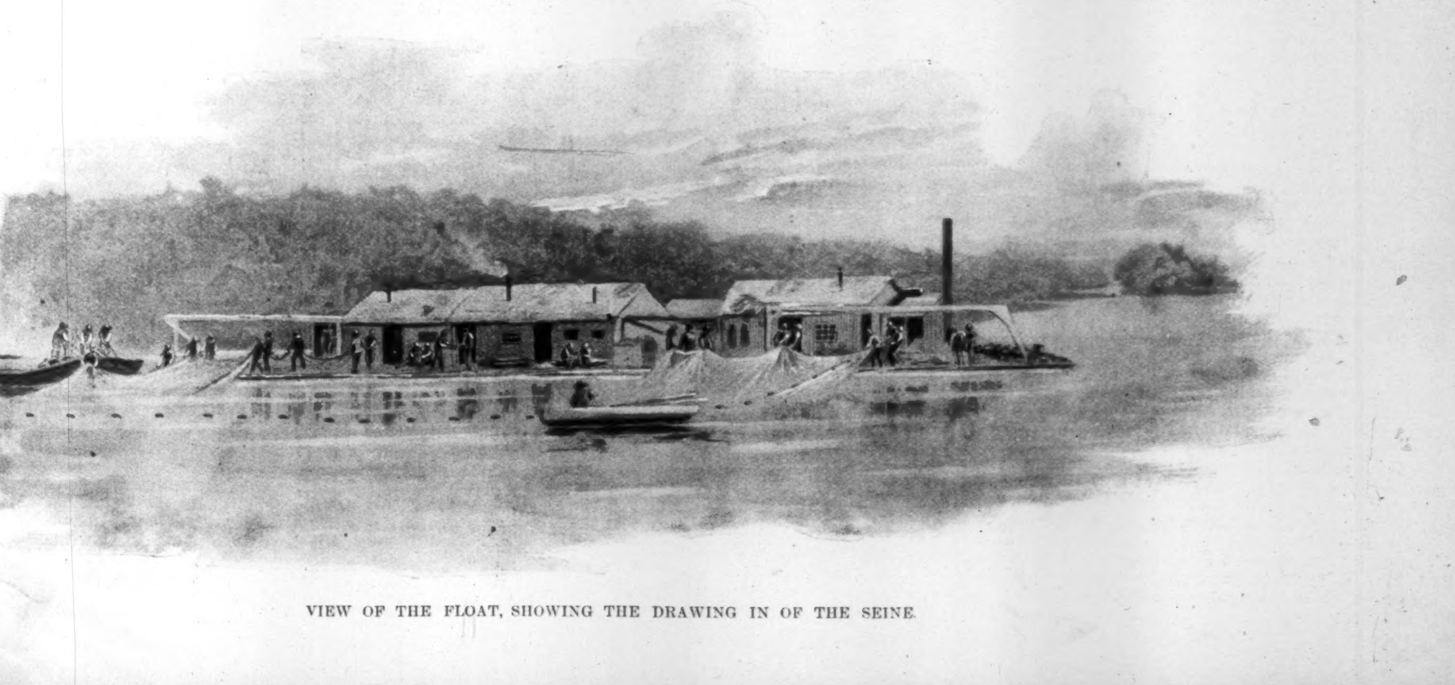
There are none more polite than the Russians. A little sigh of general relief, a smile here and there, and the sensation is over.

But what is this? The bride's tulle veil, catching fire in some mysterious way from the flame of her own candle, is in a light blaze. One of the groomsmen rushes forward, and with his bare hands crushes out the flames, but not before one side of the beautiful hair has been badly singed, the pretty ear blistered. The poor bride stands terrified and half fainting.

"Mother of God, is not that enough?" cries a startled voice in the church. "Look at the image!"

More significant and awe-inspiring still, the candle before the Holy Virgin Mother goes out with an expiring flicker. All is confusion. There can be but one interpretation in the mind of the true believer. The bride, trembling and half dead with fear, is supported by the groom, who entreats her to bear up until the ceremony is over.

In the face of these awful manifestations, the priest pauses to allow the holy incense to be wafted around, and to make the sign of the cross over the unfortunate couple and the assembled company. The ceremony was hurried through. The usual congratulations followed, but the future of the newly married pair lies under a heavy shadow. These events promise no blessings for the future. It is true that they are only referred to sympathetically in the bridal presence, but outside—the long faces, the shaking heads, bear witness to the general sentiment. The vexed question of the day remains unsettled. The bride had said *no* boldly, but the Holy Mother and the saints, what have they said? The discussion still waxes warm over the tea glasses.



VIEW OF THE FLOAT, SHOWING THE DRAWING IN OF THE SEINE.

ARISE, MANHATTAN!

I.

A LAND of golden sunlight, amber-aired,
Wide-watered, glad with many a fleet and town...
The heart of Nature most supremely cared
To make this land of wave-lapped shores the crown,
Spending thereon the pomp of stars and snows,
Dawns, moonrise, and mysterious northern glows.

II.

God favored it with mighty arms of sea
Where mountains raise their shining brows on high,
And streams, like lakes in lonely majesty,
Bind it and part, while beyond ken of eye
Endless the prairies past the horizon swell...
What! In this land can aught ignoble dwell?

III.

Its people signed with haughty foes a truce,
Fought its own kin to free an alien race—
Yet languishes like him the poppy's juice
Enthralls and fetters in a piteous case:
Grim, subtly working, mounting without pause,
Corruption taints the very source of laws.

IV.

The pestilence that flies by night, the blight
That rots the corn, no atom are they worse
Than maladies wherein all wrong and right
Are quite transposed. Alas! that such a curse
Smites you, Manhattan, once the pride and boast
Of all the world—you, once the freeman's toast!

V.

Who, in the day of travail, hour of qualm,
Lurked in your back to stab without remorse?
Who cared for nothing but their itching palm,
And rode each party for their stalking-horse?
Such worms, such flesh-flies carrion born and bred
Infest no live men—Comrades, ye are dead!

VI.

Ay, ye are dead to every sense of shame,
Steeped in the mire of brutal lust for gold!
He is your hero with exalted aim
Who racks his friends with fears and griefs untold,
Who crushes clans of victims, dazed and borne
Through hopeless ruin to a death forlorn!

VII.

Ye must be carrion, ye, who never care
Though felons flout you from the judge's bench!
Though shallow tricksters fill the curule-chair,
And schools are poisoned with the whiskey stench...
And yet—amongst you—hating all things mean,
There stand the generous, ay, the wise and clean!

VIII.

Was it for this our fathers braved the long
Dim horrors of the ocean pilgrimage?
The Spaniard's power, the corsair's cruel throng,
Hunger and thirst and many an Indian's rage—
To be benumbed by charlatans who pull
The folk about like sheep and clip their wool?

IX.

Rise up, Manhattan! Hustle to the sea
The drones of vice that batten on your soil!
Say not, they're bred of alien tyranny—
They spawn dishonored from your shuddering soil!
Drive out the rascals that would countermand
God's order on this bright and glorious strand!

X.

Stay not your hand, though honored be the sire!
Be not the loftiest from your wrath exempt!
Pluck him from office! Like consuming fire
May the folk visit him with sharp contempt!
Tumble him down, and let the crash appall
Knaves like to him who totter to their fall!

CHARLES DE KAY.

OPENING OF THE SISSETON RESERVATION.

NEARLY three centuries ago on the northern shore of Lake Superior, where a small river ran into the clear blue waters of this great inland sea, three bands of Indians engaged in a heated controversy over the decision of one band that the toothsome whitefish should not be allowed to go up the river. A Menomonee chief had ordered the mouth of the river closed. This meant privation, possibly famine, to the Chippewas. The Sioux, the third band of nomads, stood by the Menomonees, and this decision, so tradition has it, was the cause of all the terrible warfare between the Sioux and Chippewas—a warfare bitter, relentless, undying, continuing to these later days unchecked in its ferocity save by the calming hand of the Christian missionary.

The ways of the two nations divided to meet again often in the centuries in bloody wars. To-day the two are suppliants at the feet of the common foe or common friend, as you will, and the ancient prestige is remembered only in tribal tales. One branch or family of the Sioux, the Sissetons, after many migrations, located in western Minnesota and southern Dakota. Here, on one of the most fertile spots in all the great Northwest, these Sissetons have lived many years. Now they give up their last hold upon the freedom of their race, and start upon a course which shall, so all who have watched them hold, make them still more Americans in all that the term implies.

When, in 1862, the murderous Sioux started out upon the war-path in western Minnesota, and entered upon one of the most blood-thirsty massacring campaigns in history, the Sissetons stood aloof from the slaughtering. Hundreds upon hundreds, probably thousands, of people in some twenty-five counties were murdered, maimed, or mutilated. The Sissetons did what they could not only to prevent the atrocities, but to rescue the prisoners who were taken captive in that memorable and awful campaign. There must have been a finer strain of blood in their veins. Who knows but the traditionists are right, and that these Dakotas, or Sioux, are in reality descended from Europeans, and the Sissetons have been given the imprint of a gentler ancestry?

The government has recognized the splendid services of the Sissetons, and for many years now the band has been kept in peace and comfort upon their reservation, a triangular piece of ground containing about 1,000,000 acres directly west from the city of Minneapolis, at the border of the State, lying in the new State of South Dakota. Something in the Sissetons led them toward civilization. Splendidly have they disproved the argument in the apothegm that the only good Indian is a dead one. They have taken most kindly to agriculture. They have needed guidance and aid—they are children yet, you must remember—but they have been most tractable. Whenever the Indian agent in charge has been interested in having them raise corn and wheat not only for support, but for the proving of their right to citizenship, they have made marked progress. Thousands upon thousands of bushels of wheat come from their fields every fall—fields tilled and gleaned by descendants of a nation of predatory warriors. They have not been unmindful of the influences of religion, either, and from the time the first Sioux was baptized—the first "full-blooded" Sioux, as the phrase goes—Nape Shneedoota, "Red-Man-Who-Fears-Not," who embraced Christianity in 1840, up to the present, the Sissetons have been easily won to the religion of the pale-face. When Little Crow was on his death-bed, calling to him his son—worthless vagabondish son that he was—he said words which the Sissetons have heeded: "Teach your children to be honest and laborious, and to adopt such of the habits of the white men as will be suited to their change of circumstances; and, above all, be industrious and sober, and make yourself beloved and respected by the white people."

Away back in 1834 Samuel and Gideon Pond, brave, stanch missionaries, began their work among the Sioux. The high state of development religiously among the Sissetons is due in no small degree to the noble pioneer work of these two men.

When the Sioux massacre had passed into history, the government gave to the Sissetons the right of choosing a reservation as a part payment of the great debt which their noble work had created. They elected the present reservation. It is one of the garden spots of the West. There is fine soil on the greater portion of the reservation, the grazing is unsurpassed, the many lakes teem with fine fish, the game has always been abundant, the level lands develop into the finest of wheat-fields. In 1889 a commission was sent out, by act of Congress, to treat with the Sissetons, the object being to make arrangements for opening to settlement a large portion of the reservation. The Indians, when it came to parting with their reservation, maintained that they should be paid at its full value, $10 per acre. The government had never entertained so expensive a proposition, and at last compromised by paying $2 50 per acre, which, in addition to the payment of an old claim, raised the amount to about $3 50. The negotiations which ended in the act of Congress of March 3, 1891, allotted to the Indians 288,000 acres, leaving about 630,000 acres open to settlement. Each Indian receives 160 acres of land, in addition to his interest in the large fund which has been created by the purchase of their reservation by the general government. There is in the neighborhood of $1,700,000 in the United States Treasury to-day belonging to the Sissetons, on which they draw interest amounting to $85,000 per year; they also receive $18,000 per year under an old treaty, which will remain in force until 1901. The back annuities, which had not been paid in years, were turned over to the Indians last summer, over $500,000 being then paid. The land, which will now be owned in severalty, cannot be sold for twenty years.

In addition to the denominational schools of the Presbyterians upon the reservation there is a government school, large, commodious, and convenient, with accommodations for 200 children. It has been designated a manual training boarding-school. The Indians have themselves built seven churches upon the reservation, at points convenient of access, and they have not only built them, but they maintain them, and supply their pulpits with earnest native pastors. In the government school the boys and girls are not only taught rudimentary branches and, as they progress, higher studies, but they are trained in farming, in trades, in housekeeping. In a word, it is a practical education as well as a practical religion which is taught the Sissetons.

The government school was established nearly twenty years ago. The plant is now heated throughout with steam; the buildings are supplied with water from a hydraulic ram, and all the modern improvements are in use. About 40 acres of the 160 on which the school is located are cultivated. The Good-will School, under the direction of the Presbyterians, has been in existence some two or three years longer than the government school. It is amply equipped for the work of teaching, and it has been a popular and sensible adjunct to the reservation. Once a month the Indian children issue a paper, the *Good-will Press*, which is an Indian product from type-setting to editorials. Much of the material used is made up from the compositions and articles prepared in the regular work of the school. About 150 scholars have accommodations in this school. The plan becoming so common of late, of allowing some person or some church or some society to maintain a pupil from year to year, has here been successfully followed. The mission has 160 acres of land, about 60 being tilled.

The work done in these schools and by the faithful native and white missionaries has been of value not only from a religious and educational stand-point, but is of immense practical prospective value. The Indians of the Sisseton reservation are being fitted for the civilization which to them seems comparatively easy of acquirement.

By the proclamation of President Harrison the reservation is thrown open to settlement April 15th. Thousands of prospective settlers have been for weeks *en route* to the reservation from all over the United States, though, naturally enough, the greater number are from the West and Northwest. Soldiers of the late war are allowed to take up 160 acres of land free of cost; all others must pay at the rate of $2 50 per acre. This is to be paid for when the settler "commutes," or at the end of a five years' residence. The homesteader may "commute" at the expiration of fourteen months from the date of his entry on the payment of $1 25 per acre.

There are about 1500 Indians on the reservation, and it is estimated that the head of each family will represent about 800 acres. It would be manifestly out of the question for the Indians, even under their unusual advancement in agriculture, to manage this large amount of land successfully. Arrangements are made so that the Indians may lease such portions of their land as they desire, and large blocks of land for farming or grazing properties are thus secured by the settlers at a very low figure—in some cases for much less than the taxes would usually be. Whether this arrangement shall be for the benefit of the Indians or not will be a problem yet to be solved.

In the cordial relations which have existed during a quarter of a century between this band of red men and the national government; in the liberal, and it would seem generous, treatment which has been given these Indians as this great reservation opens to the world; in the wonderful advance in agriculture, in religion, in the humbler scholastic attainments which has so signally marked the progress of the Sissetons—in all this shall we not find much to redeem the nation, if redemption be necessary, from "A Century of Dishonor"?

W. S. HARWOOD.

IMPROVING THE COMMON ROADS.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

IN a recent article in the WEEKLY it was pointed out that there could not be a good system of common highways and country roads in the United States without relocating the great majority of them, and building upon new lines, which should be thoroughly drained, stone pavements that would be impervious to moisture. Such improvements are beyond the means of the country people, and for them we must look to the national or State governments or to both. The national government in the Constitution reserved the right to establish and maintain post-roads, and to provide for the common defence. Under these provisions of the Constitution the government clearly has a right to build national post and military roads. This is plain, even if there were no precedent for it, but the policy adopted by the government in building national roads just prior to the establishment of railroads will go far towards setting at rest any objections that may be raised as to this point. There can be no doubt whatever as to the authority of the several States to build and maintain roads within their own limits. And probably it is to State action that we shall have to look for the greater number of good new roads. In these counties of small area and large urban wealth there are generally means enough to deal with this question without aid from outside. But in counties of large areas and an almost exclusively agricultural population the means are not adequate. To suggest as to what such counties can do under these circumstances is the purpose of this article.

As a general thing, the country roads on this continent have been so badly located that to build costly pavements upon the present lines, and previously provide elaborate systems of drainage, would be a dreadful waste of money. As it is ordinarily beyond the means of country people to do more than improve the present condition of their roads, this is the task that they should undertake as soon as possible. In beginning such a task, the first step to be taken, in my opinion, is to stop doing that which has generally been the custom in this country—that is, working the roads. Working the roads, as it is usually practised in this country, consists in calling out in each road district a gang of men who "work out" their road tax under an overseer elected by the people. The labor done is worse than thrown away, for it is rare indeed for either the overseer or the men under him to have any clear comprehension of what is needed. Fortunately for the well-being of our roads, these men do not work very hard, but rather choose to regard the few days on the road as a kind of holiday outing, a picnic frolic, and a means of getting rid of a certain amount of tax. If they really worked with all their might, they would make the roads almost as unpassable in the summer as they now are in the late winter and early spring. With some kind of a glimmering idea that ditches on each side of a road are good to have, they plough up these ditches, together with the sod that grows down into them, and pile all of this muck in the middle of the road. This material, it may be said, has a most excellent fertilizing value, and if it were put upon the fields instead of in the roads it would amply repay the farmers who carted it away. But in the roads it is a sad and an immediate hinderance to travel. Luckily the friendly spring rains usually wash it back into the ditches, where it stays until there is some more tax to be "worked out." When these rains are not sufficient to wash away these impediments that have been deliberately placed in the roads, the consequences are very dusty roads during all the dry season.

In some neighborhoods a little more ambitious than those generally to be found, they mend the roads by placing gravel and broken stone upon them. Then the overseers say that they are macadamizing the roads. Without thoroughly draining the road-bed, to put either broken stone or gravel upon it is merely a waste of money and labor, and the ambitious neighborhoods so doing prove in the end no wiser than those who cover their roads with muck. But it is within the means of every neighborhood in the United States to materially improve their roads at once—improve them so much that where the traffic is not extremely heavy and continuous, the roads will be in tolerable order nine months in the year, and very much better than at present, even when the frost is coming out of the ground at the beginning of spring. And this can be done in three or four or five years without spending one penny more than is now spent in the hurtful methods mentioned.

In the New Jersey township in which I live—a township that has been settled for nearly two hundred years—the roads while I write are in a most shocking condition. In very many places even in the village a loaded wagon sinks halfway to the hub. I see the buggy of the village doctor pass as I write. The mud sticks so to the wheels that the spokes are almost hidden, and I dare say he has not been on a road to-day that has not been in existence a century and a half. Each year for a decade past in this township $1600 has been raised by taxation for maintaining the roads. In five years this amounts to $8000. With that amount of money all of the principal roads in the neighborhood could be tolerably well drained, and drainage is the great secret in the making of good roads. Alluding to this fact, that great road-builder Macadam said as to his own system, "The broken stone is only to preserve the under road from moisture, and not at all to support the vehicles, the weight of which must be really borne by the native soil, which, while preserved dry, will carry any weight, and does in fact carry the stone road itself as well as the vehicles upon it."

My suggestion, therefore, is that the roads be ditched and drained, and that the larger part of the tax now raised and even worse than wasted be so used, and in keeping the ditches clear. The roads with such treatment will to an extent take care of themselves, but, to be sure, they should be covered with stone as soon as possible, so that they will be protected from the rain and snow that fall directly upon them. This could be done by degrees, in the same way that I suggest for the ditching. Now as to drainage I am positive that it were better not to attempt to do it at all than not to have an intelligent plan at the outset. It would be infinitely better if each township in such work could have professional advice, for efforts to follow general rules frequently cause unnecessary outlays. There are few neighborhoods in which the services of a skilful civil engineer may not be had. The depth of ditches and subdrains must be determined by the frost line. Unless they be put below this they are worthless at those seasons of the year when they should be of the greatest value. Farmers pretty generally understand this, and in draining their fields are guided by the principle, but when they get to the roads they seem to think that anything is good enough. For instance, if the frost line extend two feet below the surface, then the bottom of the open ditches should be at least three feet below the surface, and the bottom of the subdrains at least two feet and a half underground. In the latitude of New York the frost line is about three feet, and therefore the bottoms of road-ditches hereabouts should generally be at least four feet deep. In making these ditches the material excavated should never be thrown up on the banks and permitted to remain there. It would inevitably wash back into the ditches and fill them up. It could be advantageously used in elevating low places in the roads. And in fixing the grades of the ditches, it should always be borne in mind that the water accumulating must be rapidly disposed of. In determining how this could best be done is where an engineer's services would be most valuable. Where it is necessary to take it across a road-bed, a covered culvert large enough to amply accommodate the volume of water should be built. The water should never be permitted to find its way across the surface of the road-bed.

In wet places, low-lying lands, clayey soils, and localities where springs are met with under the road-bed, the side ditches alone will be found to be inadequate, and a system of subdrains will have to be resorted to. What are known as French drains are the best to be used for the subsoil. These having been regulated in their depth by the frost line, there should be placed in the bottom of the trench so determined ordinary unglazed tiles 3 inches in diameter. The stones immediately over the tiles should be laid with their lower edges on the bottom of the trench and their upper edges meeting, so as to form an inverted covering over the tile pipes; over these cover-stones to the depth of 18 inches should be laid—rounded or field stones from 2 inches to 6 inches in diameter. These are better for this purpose than those with angular edges, which fill up the spaces between the stones. In using coarse gravel of mixed size for this purpose, it is advisable to separate the larger from the smaller by screening, and to put in the larger first and the smaller on top, as the mixed sizes fill up the interstices more than when each size is used separately. Over the stones a layer of brushwood or coarse straw should be placed to prevent the soil from filling in between the stones before they become compacted. The excavations for these drains should be about 8 inches wide at the bottom, and, when 3 feet and 6 inches deep, about 18 inches on top. The width of the top should vary with the depth of the trench about in the proportion as indicated. Where flat bedded stones, which break easily into pieces, with parallel sides can be cheaply procured the tiles may be dispensed with, and the bottom of the drain formed by setting two stones vertically against the sides of the trench and covering them with a thin flat bedded stone. But every farmer knows how to make such a drain as this.

With a properly drained bed, a dirt road is tolerably good for ordinary traffic at least nine months in the year. It is better all the year round than a paved road without proper drainage. Nearly if not quite all of the country highways have had placed upon them, first and last, a great deal of stone. When such roads have been drained so that they will be dry underneath, a part of this material previously wasted will come into service to a certain extent, and the making of a tolerably good macadamized road will follow as a natural sequence by the addition of more stone. There is no word more generally misused in America than "macadamized." We say of any road upon which a metal covering has been put that it has been macadamized. From the quotation from Macadam previously given, it will be seen that he insisted that the drainage was the thing of the first importance, and the pavement secondary, as it only roofed over the subsoil and kept it dry, so that it could carry the weight of the pavement and of the vehicles as well. Macadam recommended that in building roads the stone be broken to at least 2 inches in diameter, and placed on the road-bed to the thickness of 4 or 6 inches, and then rolled until it is bonded together and the interstices filled, so that it may at once prove a smooth surface over which to drive and an impervious covering to the subsoil. Telford, the other great road-builder, insisted on a pitched foundation for roads over which heavy traffic was to pass. This foundation, some 6 or 8 inches in thickness, consists of a course of flat stones carefully set on edge across the road, with the broadest edge downward. Over this foundation 4 or 6 inches of broken stone is placed, and rolled until it is bonded together. Such a roadway is preferable in villages and on highways over which the traffic is heavy and continuous, but on our ordinary country roads the Macadam plan will answer the purpose most admirably.

Each township or road district should provide itself with proper road-making machinery. The scraping-machines are very useful on dirt roads in shaping them properly so that the rain will drain off. And in the roads on which stone is loosely thrown, these machines are valuable in removing those stones that do not get embedded in the soil. Then there are ditching machines which can be used to advantage both in making the roads in the first place and in cleaning them out. But probably the most valuable machine in which road-makers should invest is the portable stone-crusher. Large stones will not bond, and no good Macadam road can ever be made unless the stone be broken to a small size. The largest stone should be of a size so small that it will pass through a two-inch ring. It is the custom now in pretty nearly all parts of the United States to put stones of all sizes on the roads. These stay there loosely to impede travel until they are buried in the mud or scraped off into the ditches. In these portable crushers stone from quarries, and field stones too, can be broken so that they will be of proper size. The only advantage of having a portable crusher is that it can be taken from place to place, and made to do the work for a large territory. They do not cost a great deal, and as the machinery is quite simple, they will with proper care last a long time. In placing stone on country roads it is not necessary to place it over the whole width of the road. If only a part of the road be covered with stone, that part will be for use in bad weather, and when the frost is coming out of the ground in early spring. And for very heavily loaded wagons perhaps it would be used at all times. But for nine months in the year for the majority of vehicles a dirt road is preferable, and would be used. But in making a road of this kind the stone part should be a good deal higher than the dirt road. Otherwise the paved part of the road would suffer from the moisture that would be let beneath the pavement from the uncovered portion of the road.

Roadways once having been secured, it will be necessary to keep them in order. It does not cost annually more than one per cent. of its first cost to keep a good macadamized road in thorough repair. At least, such is the expense in Europe. There, however, the width of wagon tires is regulated by law, as it is, indeed, in some American States. The European road laws also usually require that the tread of the fore and hind wheels of a vehicle should be different. These precautions are of great importance, as they lessen the probabilities of making ruts and gullies. On some of the turnpike roads in Kentucky they have adopted the English plan of placing broken stone along the entire length of the road. A man passes each day along the road, and wherever he finds a worn place or the beginnings of a hole, he mends it at once from the stone near at hand. This is a most economical method of keeping the roads in order, though nothing whatever can be said in favor of the turnpike system by which certain parts of Kentucky have long had good roads. Professor Shaler, of Harvard, has estimated that the expense of the gate-keepers on the toll roads in Kentucky was as great as all the tax levied for State purposes in the whole commonwealth. Toll roads are not what is needed. We need good free roads. If the farmers will set about spending the money that is now available wisely instead of foolishly, they will soon see that good roads are possible, and feel, also, that roads cannot be too good. When that time comes, public sentiment will demand that legislative action shall be taken, so that our roads shall no longer be a reproach and a disgrace.

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE BUILDING.

ASIDE from its architectural attractions, the Pennsylvania State Building at Chicago will possess elements of interest not possible to any other State building. Mr. Thomas P. Lonsdale, of Philadelphia, the designer of the accepted plans, has taken for his central idea the reproduction of the more salient features embodied in the historic State-house in Philadelphia. The addition of wide verandas, broad staircases, a roof garden, reception-rooms, and lobbies was absolutely essential. The old clock dials, the tower, and Independence Hall, however, will be exactly duplicated. In the tower will be hung the famous Liberty Bell, and the hall itself will be fitted up with the furniture originally belonging to the old hall.

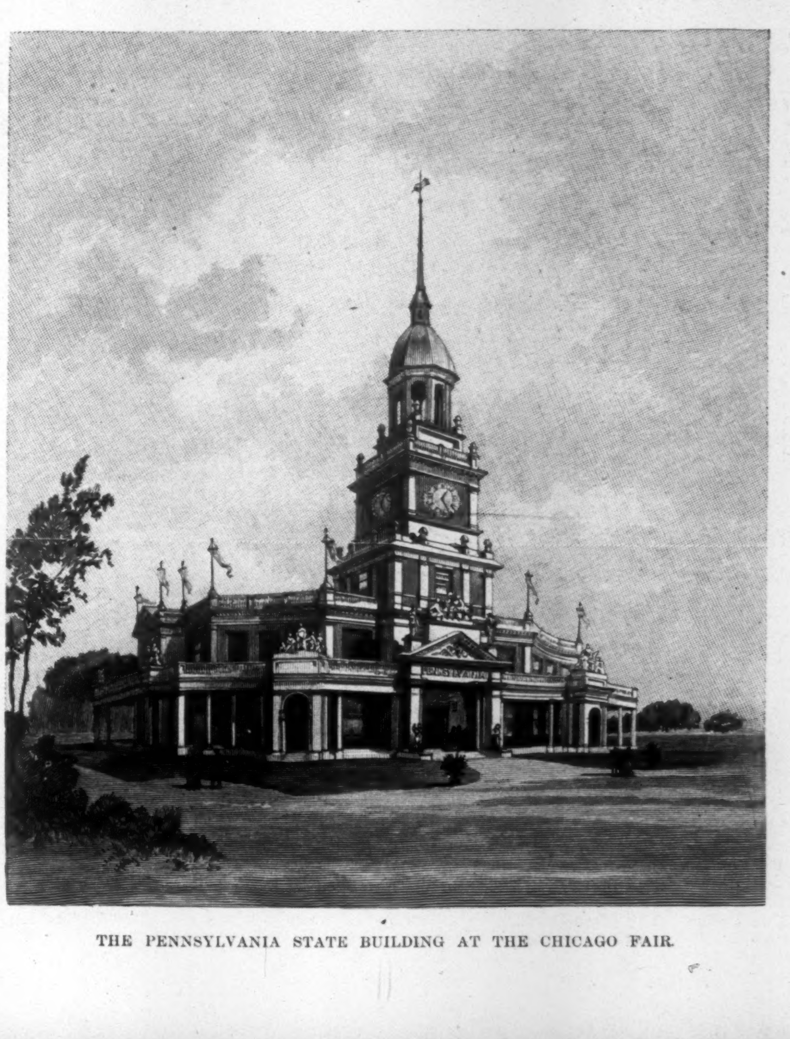
Pennsylvania is rich in historic documents, and all of these will be placed in the State building. Among the more interesting of these papers are the deeds of land which William Penn bought from the Indians, the original manuscripts containing his famous laws, agreements with the Indians, early charters, and numerous proclamations issued by the early rulers of the commonwealth.

The building will be erected entirely of Pennsylvania material. The skeleton frame, also the colonnaded piazza, veranda, balustrade, and cornices, will be of wrought iron and steel. The interior finishings will represent all varieties of native woods, stones, metals, and marbles. The first and second stories will be filled in with Pennsylvania brick. The area covered, exclusive of verandas, is 9000 square feet. The grand front entrance opens into a central rotunda 30 feet in diameter and 40 feet high. On the first floor are reception-rooms, lobbies, toilet-rooms, post-office, hat and cloak rooms, the old hall, exhibition-room, and information bureaus.

On the second floor will be found the offices of the State Board and of the Executive Commissioner; also toilet-rooms, waiting-rooms, committee-rooms, reading-rooms, rooms for press correspondents, and for the help employed in the building. There will also be outside staircases, sculptured groups, and an elaborately arranged lawn.

Although it is now some time since Mr. Lonsdale's original plan found favor in the eyes of the State and national authorities, it was not until March 22d that the final specifications were definitely determined upon. On that same date the contract for the building was awarded to Coder & Nesbitt, of Harrisburg, for $67,900, they giving a bond for $50,000. This contract does not include mantels and various other items of interior furnishing. It is expected that the total cost of the building will not be less than $90,000. It is to be situated next to the New York Building and opposite the Art Hall—a very satisfactory location. It will be completed by October.

MABEL CRONISE JONES.



THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE BUILDING AT THE CHICAGO FAIR.

A TALK WITH A COWBOY.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE first cowboys I ever saw greatly disappointed me by their appearance. All that I have seen since that time have disappointed me equally. If I were to write a play in which there was a cowboy character, I would dress him up in fringed leather breeches and a buckskin coat, a big drab Spanish hat as stiff as a board and as big as the top of a wash-tub, in dainty boots, and bead-worked gloves; his pistols should be of mother-of-pearl, and none but the best Cheyenne saddle should he sit on—for of such is the cowboy of the flash literature which has immortalized him; and if the true cowboy does not know enough to live up to his own china, I would ignore the fact. And yet these first cowboys I saw in Montana were a very ordinary-looking lot of young depot-loungers, peculiar only because they wore big flat-brimmed hats, and because they had a long line of broncos fettered to a hitching-rail near by. I would have been immeasurably disappointed and disgusted had they not been redeemed by a story that was told concerning them as soon as our train pulled away from the station where they were loafing.

The story was that this same band of plainsmen had long noticed a course of behavior on the part of a Northern Pacific train conductor which they determined not to tolerate. The conductor did the worst thing, in a cowboy's opinion, that any man could do—he acted like a dude; he "put on style." He actually went so far as to swing himself off the cars before they stopped, and, with one arm extended and head offensively erect, would shout: "Dingleville! All out for Dingleville!" His whole manner was artificial, affected, and unbearable. This being noticed—and no one is quicker to notice the hollow trickery of an Eastern man than cowboys are—the boys decided to "take him down." So one day they assembled on the station platform in a semicircular line, into the curve of which he must run as he leaped from the moving cars. The conductor did as he was expected to, the cowboys surrounded him, and he was bidden to dance.

"Dance, —— you!" they shouted; "dance, or we'll shoot the toes off you!"

At the words each cowboy pulled his pistol, and began shooting down into the platform planks, not exactly at the conductor's feet, but so as to narrowly miss them. They blazed away and he danced, until, after he was all but exhausted and they had no more shots to fire, they bade him go on with the train, and never "show up" at Dingleville until he could behave like a man.

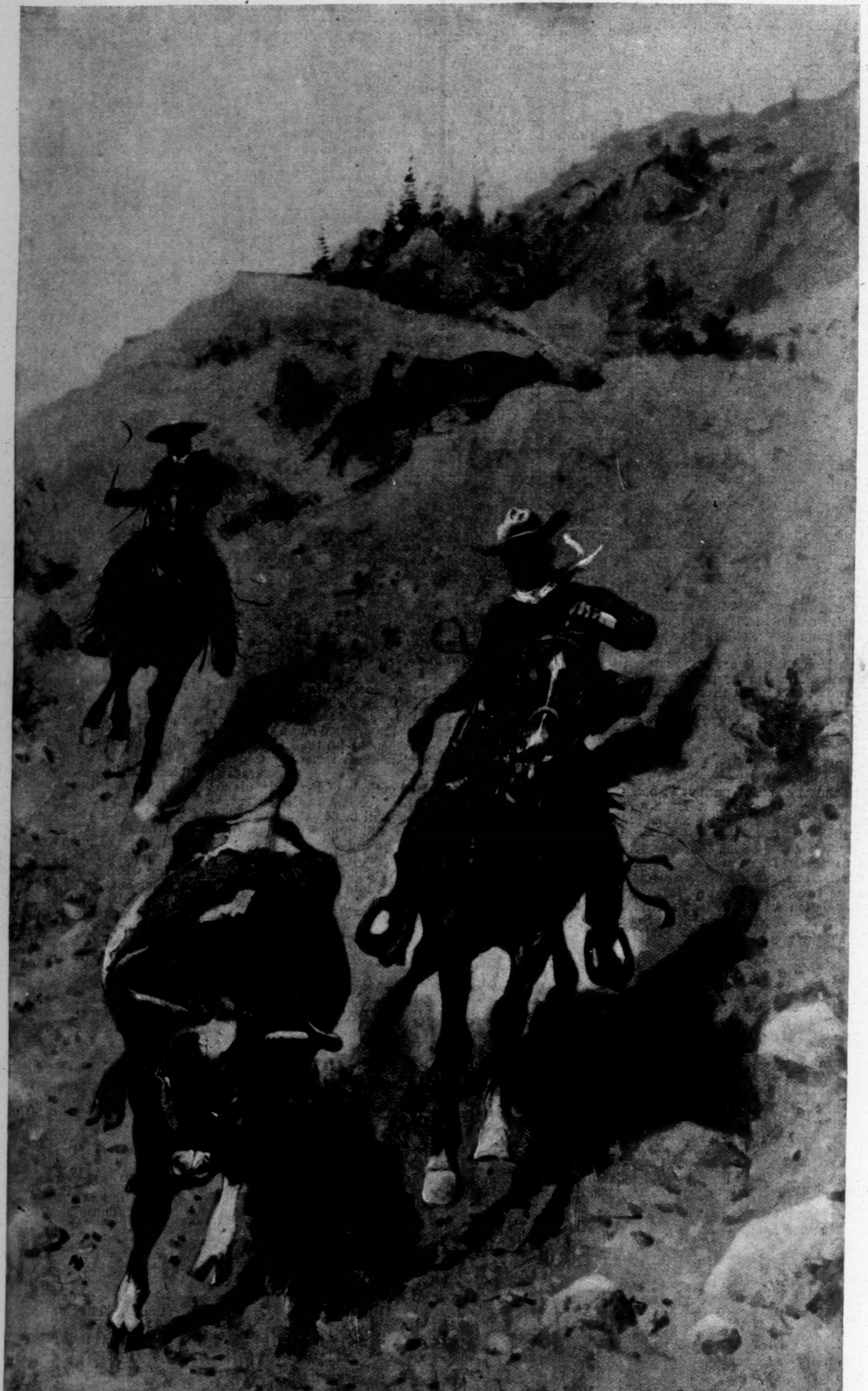
I heard other stories about cowboys on that trip. One of the best of them was told by a globe-trotting Englishman, whose habit it was to amuse himself and while away life by going wheresoever there was promise of novelty, danger, or excitement. He had been to the African diamond fields, to the Mahdi's realms, to our frontier mining camps, and now he was on his way to Alaska. But one trip he made was to see the cowboys, about whom he had read a great deal.

"They are a very rum sort of beggars," said he—"a very rum sort. But they're not half bad as a lot, d'you know. The first cowboy town I got into was fortunately chosen, for I had no sooner got into bed in the 'otel than a band of the beggars came dashing up the street, firing off their revolvers like madmen. It happened that the 'otel was a very ram-shackle frame building, almost as thin as card-board, and in five minutes the walls of my bedroom were riddled with bullet holes in the most surprising manner. Fancy my satisfaction—for I had travelled five thousand miles to witness that very thing!

"But to show you that they are not as bad as they have been painted—in fact, that they are opposed to anything like law-breaking and violence—let me relate an incident that took place the very next day. There was a poor clark standing up over his books at a desk in a shop on the main street, and there was a drunken cowboy riding up and down the street. Well, the cowboy saw the clark, and his sense of humor was aroused by the idea of shooting at him, d'you know. Those cowboys have a very remarkable sense of humor. So the cowboy ups with his pistol, d'you know, and he shoots the poor clark right through the head, killing him instantly. Well, now, that sort of thing is very distinctly frowned upon by cowboys, as a rule, and in this case the cowboys held a meeting, and resolved that the fellow with the lively but dangerous sense of humor should be hanged at once. They put a rope around his neck, and there being no tree anywhere in sight, they hung him to the side of a Pullman as the train came rolling in. I've seen a number of occurrences of that sort, which makes me quite positive in stating that though they are a very rum sort of beggars, they are really not a bad lot."

Up to date, much as I have been in the Western country, I have not the close acquaintance with them that was boasted by this Englishman. I have not yet seen a "round-up," or a "trail" coming up from Texas, or a cowboy camp, or any part of their life that may be called illustrative or typical. I have seen thousands of them hanging about depots and saloons, riding like the wind across the open, seated in railway cars, betting their hard-earned money in gambling dens, and punching cattle into stock-pens and cattle-cars. I know them, their horses, their saddles, their clothing, their careless ways, their masterful riding, but I have yet to spend a day with them on the ranges or a night with them in camp.

I know that their unique position among Americans is jeoparded in a thousand ways. Towns are growing upon their pasture-lands; irrigation schemes of a dozen sorts threaten to turn bunch-grass scenery into farm-land views; farmers are preempting valleys and the sides of waterways; and the day is not far distant when stock-raising must be done mainly in small herds, with winter corrals, and then the cowboy's day will end. Even now his condition disappoints those who knew him only half a dozen years ago. His breed seems to have deteriorated, and his ranks are filling with men "who work for wages" rather than for love of the free life and bold companionship that once tempted men into that calling. Splendid Cheyenne saddles are less and less numerous in the outfits; the distinctive hat that made its way up from Mexico may or may not be worn; all the civil authorities in nearly all the towns in the grazing country forbid the wearing of side arms; nobody "shoots up" those towns any more. The fact is the old simon-pure cowboy days are gone already; and when the barber Destiny again has a vacant chair and calls out "next" the cowboy will himself disappear.



HEADING A STEER ON THE FOOTHILLS.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

For that reason I greatly enjoyed a morning spent with a cowboy of great fame in his business, of twelve years' experience, and who has forced his way upward to a position of prosperity and honor, although he still keeps his seat in the saddle, and officiates at every "round-up" of the cattle of a great cow company. It seems to me that to repeat what he said, as nearly as possible in his own words, will be to make a contribution to history for some future writer. As to its present interest, there can be no doubt.

"Folks in the East think that cowboys are savages, and eat grass," said he; "but I find 'em about the best men I ever knew; by that I mean that they are the manliest and squarest men I ever saw. There's one thing I will say, you put 'em in the best hotel there is, and they'll order ham and eggs three times a day, the reason being that you can't make 'em believe there's any better food than that a-going. They work hard, and they live hard, and when they smash, they go all to pieces. I know one, as smart a cowboy as ever roped a steer, smart at every part of the business—one of your true cowboys, he was, that's too proud to cut hay, and the kind that says, as I heard one say once when a big cattle-man came on from the East, and asked him to saddle his horse: 'Saddle him yourself,' says he; 'if you don't know how, you 'ain't got no business out on a range. Anyhow, I don't have to saddle no man's horse as long as I can ride the way I can now.' This fellow that I speak of was one of the regular sort like that, and yet he is sunk so low that a painted woman is keeping him. I saw him to-day, and he borrowed money of me, which, when I gave it to him, I knew I was flinging it into the gutter. Do you know why I gave it to him? It was because I know hundreds that would do the same for me. They would whack their last dollar with me, for standing by your friends is the cowboy's religion.

"Rum, cards, and women are the epitaphs in the cowboy's graveyard. Some bunches all three, and some cuts one out of the herd, and rides after it till he drops; but however they take 'em, those are the things that rounds up most of 'em. It's curious, but if they quit horseback, and go into business, those are the three businesses they choose from, or the two, I should say, for cards and liquor go together.

"How do I dress when I'm with an outfit? Well, mostly in rags. Truth is, I don't care how I dress so long as I've got a good hat and boots and saddle. I've got shoes on now because I've quit my horse, and am hoofing it. You can't walk in a cowboy's shoes; they fit too much. You see, we wear high-heeled boots, and get 'em as small as we can. When a cowboy goes into a shoe store, if two men can get a pair of new boots on him without a good deal of trouble, he won't buy 'em; he'll say he doesn't want a whole hide to slosh around in, he just wants shoes to fit his feet. Cowboys are very particular about the look of their feet, and have a right to be, because they pay $15 for a pair of boots. A good broad-brimmed hat 'll cost up to $20, and a plain Cheyenne saddle and trimmings is worth $40, but the boys like to get their saddles all stamped up with patterns, and will pay $55 for one like that.

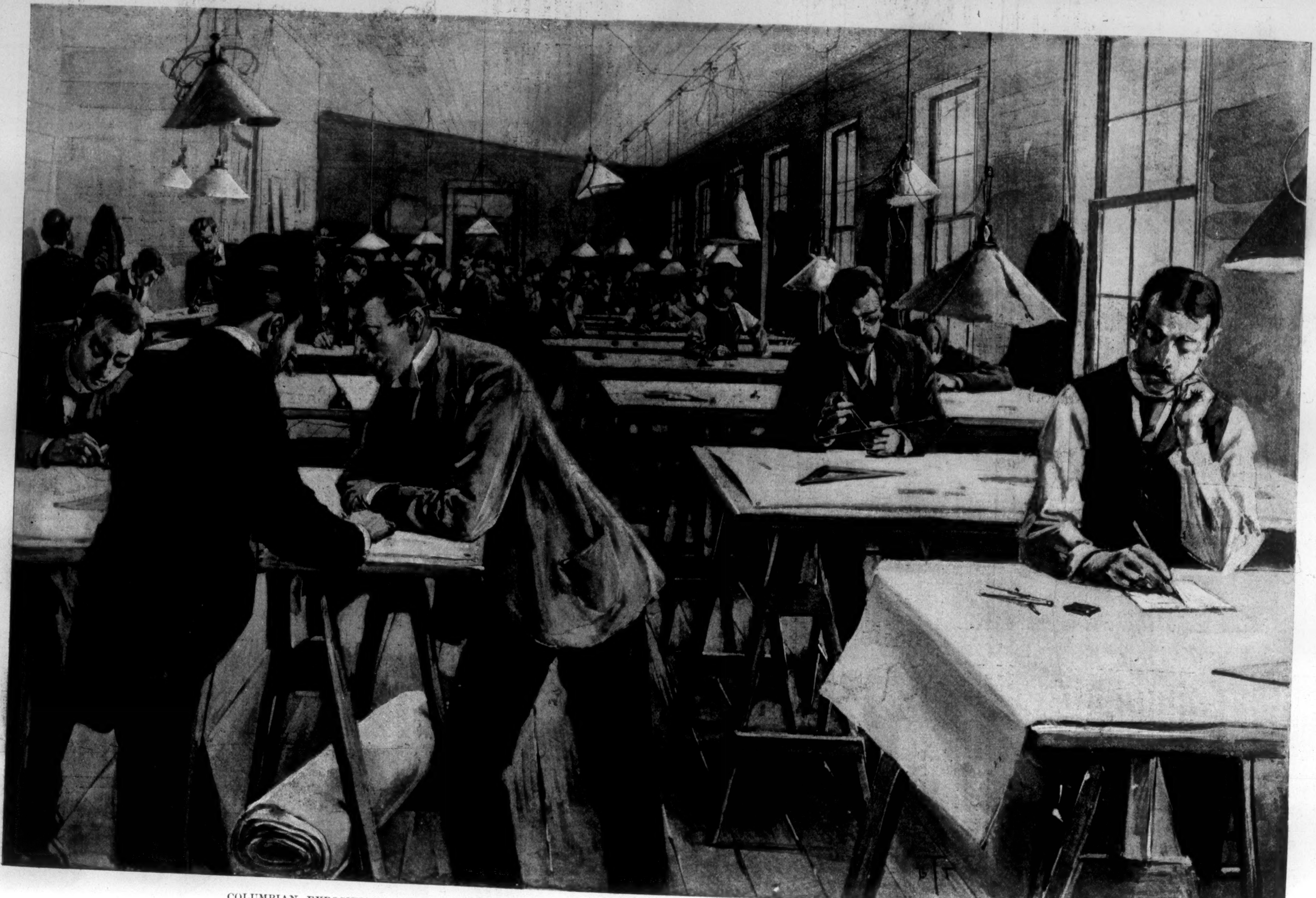
"Folks East think the Indians are such fine riders. We cowboys may be conceited, but we don't think an Indian can ride for sour milk. It is true they are on horseback all the time, but their horses are little played-out old racks that you could mostly put in your pocket. An Indian can ride a horse that I've rode down and quit, but I always say the horse goes to git out of misery. You see an Indian ride once. You often have? Well, then, there's no need o' my tellin' you that he keeps his heels humping into the horse's ribs the whole time he's riding him, or that he has a quirt, with which he keeps a-whipping and lashing the horse the whole time.

"Indians can't ride. Do you know what they do when they get a horse that's got some spirit? They put a stake in the ground, and tether the horse to it with a long halter. Then all the squaws and children and old men in the camp get around with whips and sticks and stones, and they holler and chase and beat the horse around and around that stake till he's wellnigh dead. When they've broke his heart and got him nearly dead, some buck will get on him and ride him, whipping him and digging him with his heels. The horse will go to get out of misery. That shows what the Indians know about horses.

"Cavalrymen are fairly good riders—on a road. They can move along a road, if it's in good condition, quite fairly. But, great Scott! what we call riding is to take your horse across country wherever a horse can go—down gullies, up bluffs, and just as it happens. A good cowboy rider is unconscious that he is riding. A man who is conscious that he is on horseback ain't a good rider. You want to get on your horse and let your legs flop around loose from the knees down; and you must let your body sit loose, except where it joins the horse and is part of him.

"A cowboy is drunk twenty minutes after he strikes a town. We used to 'shoot up' the towns, but now they disarm us. Was I ever in a fuss? Well, little ones, once in a while. When a man raises a gun on me, I'm going to do whatever he wants just as quick as I can. I've heard men in towns say they wasn't afraid of a gun. Well, I am; and so would they be if they had ridden from Texas to Montana as often as I have. I've also heard men say they'd like to see the Indian they'd be afraid of. Well, I've seen a good many I've been afraid of, no matter what bluff I made to show that I wasn't scared. As I say, I like to oblige a man that drops a gun on me, because the man is apt to be drunk, and when he is drunk he is apt to be a little mite nervous.

"But there was a time lately when a man pulled a gun on me, and I didn't like to do what he wanted. You see, I don't drink liquor, and I'd refuse $500 sooner than corral a spoonful of it. I was in a bar-room, and a man came in and asked me to drink. He was a stranger or he'd 'a' known better than to ask me, and he was steaming drunk, too. I thanked him, and told him I didn't care to drink. I was unarmed, but he was 'fixed,' and he whips out his gun—a 45-calibre six-shooter—and he says, 'Pour out a glass of rum and chuck it in yourself, or I'll make windows in your skull.' He had me, and I want to tell you that a man doesn't feel first-rate looking along a gun-barrel when he knows the weapon's cocked and the man is drunk, and has only got to press hard enough to move two ounces when the thing 'll go off. A man doesn't get absent-minded under the circumstances; he 'tends to whatever business is asked of him. I replied that certainly I would drink, and that I didn't know he was so pressing. I grabbed the bottle, poured out the poison, and was just raising the glass, with a 'Here's looking at you, pard,' when a friend of mine came in the door. He saw the lay of the land, and he walked up and stuffed the muzzle of his six-shooter right in the drunken man's ear, and he says, 'Drop it!' Up to that time it had been a tableau and not a word spoken, but when my friend said, 'Drop it!' the feller let his gun fall as you would have done with a mouthful of scalding hot coffee."



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—IN THE DESIGNING-ROOM, BUREAU OF CONSTRUCTION.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 366.]

AN INTERESTING EXHIBITION.

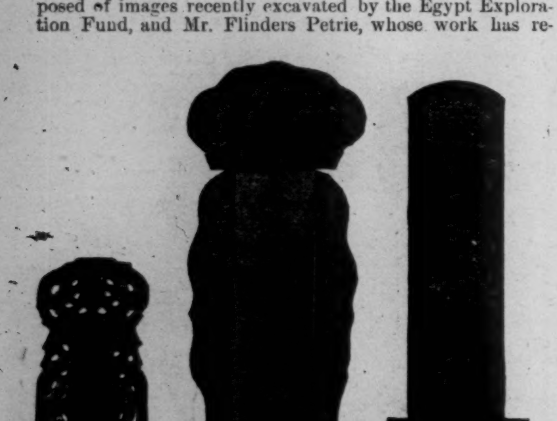
THERE will be opened on the 16th of April, in the Museum of Archæology in the University of Pennsylvania, a loan exhibition of objects used in worship, intended to illustrate the great religions of the heathen world. The basis of the collection is the Missionary Museum of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, brought together during the past sixty years by the missionaries of that body in India, China, and mid-Africa, and now for the first time subjected to careful study and scientific classification. This collection, made in greater part years ago, before native customs had been modified or changed, comprises many curious objects now unattainable, and of interest from their history and associations. Thus a sacred thread worn by every Hindoo of the three highest castes was originally worn by an early convert, whose name, with the date of renunciation of his old belief, is minutely recorded, while an ancestral tablet was taken from the Hong occupied by the Presbyterian Mission at Fuhchau, China. The missionary collection has been supplemented with many loans from individuals and institutions in order to complete the circuit of the world, and the already large ethnographical collection of the museum itself, now in its second year of existence, has been drawn upon. The catalogue, with prefatory sketches by various experts, is a hand-book of comparative mythology. It commences with a history of the religion of ancient Egypt, which is illustrated in the collection by a Pantheon composed of images recently excavated by the Egypt Exploration Fund, and Mr. Flinders Petrie, whose work has received the financial support of the university. These have been arranged by Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson the curator of the Egyptian section. Then follows India, with all the great gods of its innumerable deities—Brahma, Vishnu and his avatars, numbering many forms of Krishna, and Çiva and his family, the destructive and regenerative forces all arranged with reference to their relative importance.

INDIA (BRAHMANISM)—KRISHNA.

INDIA (JAINISM) PARÇVANATHA.

CHINA (TAOISM)—TÚ TI KUNG AND HIS WIFE (PENATES).

CHINA (POPULAR FICTION)—MUH KWEI YING AND YANG TUNG PO.

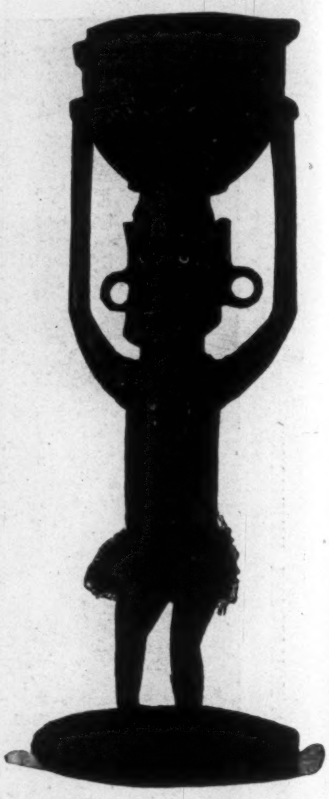


CHINA (ANCESTOR WORSHIP)—ANCESTRAL TABLETS.

Buddhism and Jainism follow, and among the notable idols here exhibited is a green stone image of Parçvanatha, the founder of the latter religion, that is exquisite in its finish. The religions of China succeed—the state religion, with photographs of the Temple of Heaven at Peking, and ancestor worship, with ancestral tablets from private houses and ancestral halls; Taoism, with images of its founder, Láu Tsz', one with his disciples crowding around him, and then a hundred images of all sizes and forms, comprising the chief gods of that vast assemblage. Tu Ti Kúng and his wife, the comfortable-looking old man and woman who are the gods of streets and houses, are in line with the formidable Kwan Ti, the god of war, and the gods of medicine, physicians, barbers, sailors, and the deities that are worshipped for wealth and prosperity. Chinese Buddhism, with many forms of Amida and his sons, who preside over the Western Paradise, follow Taoism, and then a vast series of objects illustrating almost every detail of the religious life and ceremonies of our Chinese immigrants. Even their popular tales, which, filled with magic and necromancy, demand recognition, are accorded place in images of their heroes and heroines—notably Muh Kwei Ying, the martial heroine whose capture of her lover, Yang Tung Po, is one of the cherished incidents of Chinese romance.

Japan succeeds with a few objects of Shinto worship and an array of gilded shrines, where the gentle deities of the Western Paradise, Amida and Kwannon, Shakamuni the teacher, and the compassionate Jiso, are ranged in order with the Seven Gods of Good Fortune and incense-burners and priestly implements.

The Mohammedan East, destitute of images, is displayed in a series of large photographs, illustrating the mosques and shrines of Jerusalem, Constantinople and Cairo, Mecca and the pilgrimage, the dervishes and their ceremonies, and all the principal observances of the different sects. Besides are objects used by dervishes, stands for the Koran, and a number of beautifully illuminated Korans and other manuscripts from different parts of the East. The religions of America, discussed by Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, furnish specimens of rattles and masks from the Northwest coast; rattles, drums, dance-sticks, from the Indians of the United States; and a variety of idols from Mexico, Central America, Yucatan, and the West Indies. Notable among them is an ancient serpent god from Mexico.



POLYNESIA—IDOL FROM SOLOMON'S ISLAND.

Polynesia, follows with curious images from Easter Island, representing ancient heroes, and many stone and carved wooden images from various islands in the Pacific. Returning to Africa, one of the earliest homes of civilization, and that of the highest civilization of remote antiquity, a collection of images or idols from those interesting people the Fans, collected by the Rev. Dr. Robert H. Nassau, completes the circuit. The collection comprises other objects than images and manuscripts—vases and incense-burners, temple furniture and household shrines, amulets and talismans, and objects illustrating popular superstitions. Fortune-telling with cards has its history told in a series of objects showing the development of the playing-card, many sets of cards made especially for fortune-telling concluding the series. Planchette, palmistry, physiognomy, and other methods of divination are also illustrated. The amulets include a series recently gathered by Mrs. John Harrison in Egypt, Palestine, and Turkey, with special reference to the Folk-lore Department of the museum. This exhibition, the first of the kind in this country, and, with the exception of the Guimet Museum in Paris, the first in the world, was planned and carried out by the University Archæological Society, by which the Department of Archæology and Paleontology of the university is supported. It has been aided from the inception by the untiring efforts of the provost of the university, Dr. William Pepper.

EQUATORIAL AFRICA—IDOL WORSHIPPED BY THE FANS.

The collection will be open daily free to the public, and the printed catalogue will contain a detailed account of the entire collection.

STEWART CULIN.

CHINA (TAOISM)—LÁU TSZ' AND THE EIGHT GENII.

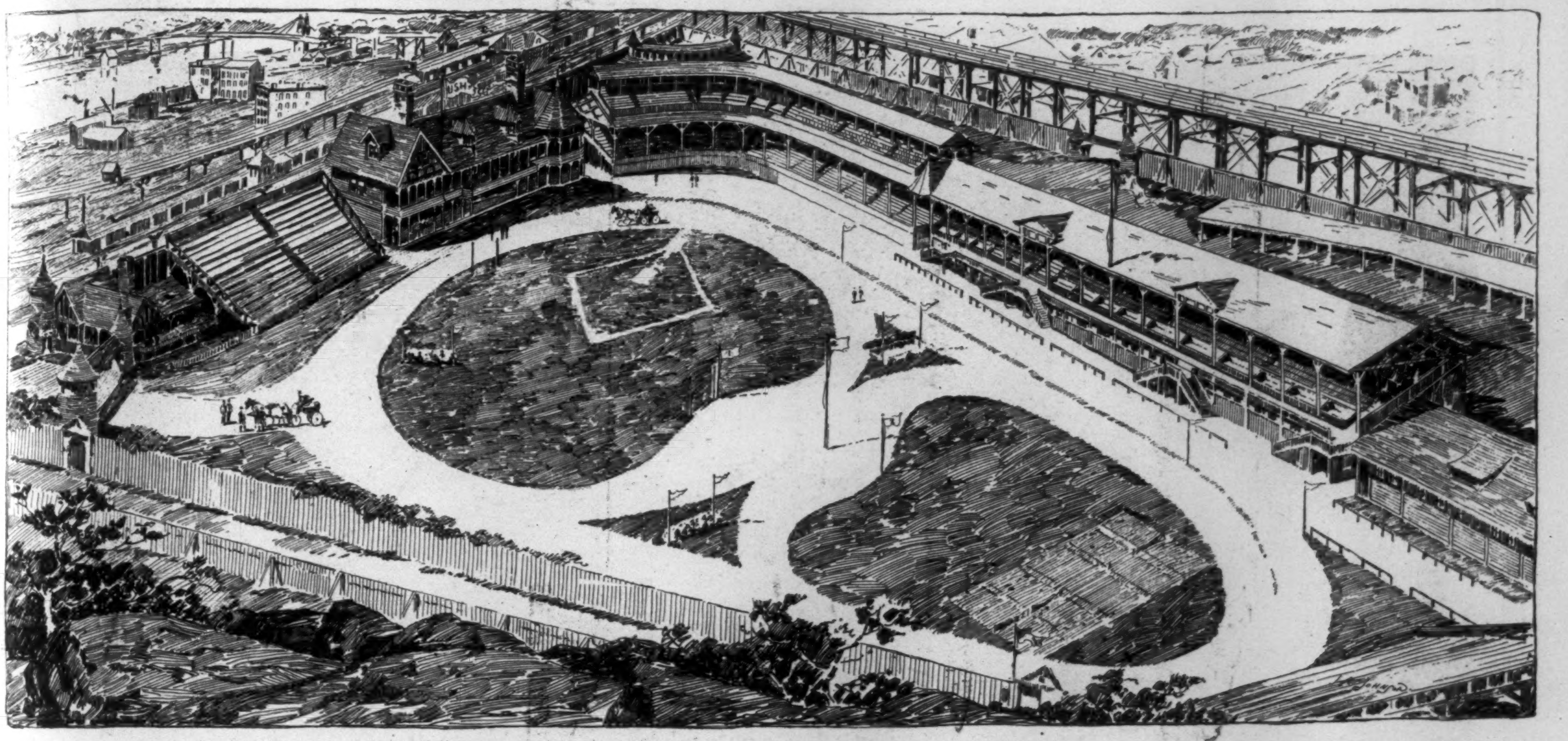
JAPAN—A BUDDHA FROM THE FAMOUS TEMPLE AT TEN-KŌ.

MEXICO—AZTEC SERPENT GOD.

THE OPEN-AIR HORSE SHOW.

AT last we are promised something looking to the serious consideration of improvement in the breeding of our horses. We have our annual Horse Show at Madison Square Garden, and it has worked in its time great good. Those who recall the quality of entries at the first show, eight years ago, may compare them with what were seen last November, and judge for themselves how much has really been done to improve our horses. But the Horse Show, as we have known it, has about reached the maximum of its usefulness so far as encouraging breeders is concerned. The absorption of the show by "society" and more or less devotion to its favorite breeds have created a demand among sportsmen, and among horsemen as distinguished from those who affect horses in order to be "in the swim" and chatter at the club about the stable, for an association that would take up earnestly the work of aiding breeders by giving a show at which so worthy an object should be the first and foremost consideration.

Such an association is the United States Horse and Cattle Show Society, formed recently for the purpose of "holding one or more shows each year in New York or other cities, with the object of improving the breed of all classes of horses, cattle, sheep, etc., and also the encouragement of the science of animal industry." It is no easy task the society has set for itself, and it must steer carefully from the purely exhibitory functions of the November show into a course which combines something of the "gallery" for the spectator, whose attendance is drawn by the same impulse



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PROJECTED OPEN-AIR HORSE AND CATTLE SHOW.—AFTER THE DESIGN OF THE ARCHITECT, J. PALMER GRAVES.

that inspires a visit to the circus, with the real work of stimulating breeding up.

We have every confidence in the good intentions of the society, and certainly the list of directors published herewith gives every assurance that the ones who have fathered the movement will have the courage of their convictions: President, Colonel William Jay; Vice-President, Prescott Lawrence; Treasurer, Thomas H. Terry; Secretary, James T. Hyde. Directors, aside from these officers, are: Theodore A. Havemeyer, Francis T. Underhill, Hugh J. Grant, Hon. W. C. Whitney, Reginald W. Rives, T. Suffern Tailer, George Green, Rush S. Huidekoper, J. G. Beresford. The Executive Committee includes Messrs. Lawrence, Rives, Underhill, Green, Terry, Huidekoper, and Hyde. All these men are well known, and most of them enthusiastic sportsmen.

The society has leased the grounds of the Manhattan Athletic Club, at the terminus of the elevated railway, 155th Street and Eighth Avenue, for a number of years, and it is the intention to lay them out elaborately for the holding of the annual show. A hunting course on the turf, and over obstacles such as are actually encountered in the field, will be constructed, and a figure 8 track for the display of traps, and especially for the tandems and fours. Besides this, there is the quarter-mile track, where it will be possible to speed the trotters, and show off the roadsters and the general harness entries. New grand stands are being erected, and permanent stables will be built of a character to assure the comfort of the animals at any and all seasons. A handsome club-house, 35 feet wide by 100 long, is also building, and the grounds when completed will be both picturesque and complete, as shown in our illustration this week. The show opens May 9th, and lasts until the 14th, the grounds being lighted by electricity at night. The prize list includes thoroughbreds, trotters, roadsters, hackneys, coaching stallions, shires, Clydesdales, Percherons, heavy draught-horses, harness-horses, tandems, fours, ponies in harness and under saddle, saddle-horses, hunters and jumpers, municipal police horses, and park police horses.

Some of the particular directions in which the society has shown wisdom are in emphasizing the roadster class by offering an attractive prize list, providing for the showing of draught-horses, and in regulating the saddle and jumping entries, so that horses up to heavy-weight work cannot have a try for prizes in the middle-weight and their own also, as we saw at the November show. The society has also shown its appreciation of the effect beribboned exhibits have been known to have on judges by its ruling that "no horse may be decorated with medals or ribbons until after it has been judged," and further strengthened this ruling by another providing that each judge have a book "specifying the classes on which he adjudicates, with the number of each horse, *without the name of the exhibitor*." This should certainly preclude all charges of prejudiced awarding. In studying the prize list and regulations and rules, I find the society has lost a golden opportunity for a much-needed ruling, viz., that prohibiting saddle-horses from being entered in harness classes. I am aware such a departure would raise a storm about the ears of the Executive Committee, for unfortunately the average exhibitor is no exception to grasping mankind; but it does seem as though it should be the very basis of the new movement for the encouragement of breeders. To those of us whose bank account will not permit of a full stable, a horse which we can use in a cart or on occasion for a canter in the morning or a run to the hounds is a very useful and valuable animal; but it should not be forgotten that these shows are for representatives and not for mongrels, and if in America we have not yet advanced sufficiently to have a distinct class of saddle-horses and a distinct class of harness-horses, it is high time we set about it. The same horse cannot be a prize-winner under the saddle and in a harness also, *i. e.*, if the grade is very high in either. There is as little reason for mixing up saddle and harness entries as for confounding trotters and roadsters; individuals are found in both cases serviceable in either, but these are distinct classes, and should so be declared by the society.

Many, in fact most, of the donors of special prizes have not kept pace with the society in appreciation of the object of this show. There are "specials" for high-steppers, single and double, over and under fifteen hands, and for hunters over various jumps, all of which have been practically provided for in the society's regular prize list. It seems as though donors had got into one rut, and were too indolent or too indifferent to bestir themselves for something new and attractive, and at the same time in keeping with the society's aim. Mr. F. W. Jackson and Messrs. John Osborn, Son, & Co. are to be congratulated on the originality and value of their offers—the former, $100 for best pair of farm horses, to be shown in appropriate wagons; and the latter, $100 for best pair of draught-horses, the property of brewers, to be shown in brewery wagons.

Why don't some one champion the cause of intelligent horseshoeing? The wretched shoeing and the suffering of the poor beasts are worthy the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Why not a prize for farriers? Where are the prizes to encourage improvement in public cab horses and equipment, lighter draught-horses for milk, express, and general delivery wagons? How about our cavalry horses? Could not something very practicable be done to this end? However, the formation of this society is the first step in the right direction.

C. W. W.

AMATEVR · SPORT

READERS OF THIS DEPARTMENT will recall a paragraph in our issue of March 12th touching the tendency to professionalism in college baseball. We have received from one thoroughly familiar with the subject a letter so honest, so comprehensive, and so sportsmanlike, we take space to print it in full. We commend it to the earnest consideration of every student and every faculty and athletic committee member in the college world. It deals with an athletic cancer that demands the most urgent and skilful treatment, else it spreads to fatality.

NO ONE WILL DENY that the young man who works his way through college is deserving of great praise, and unquestionably there are many instances every year such as the one cited in the letter herewith reproduced. No smutch will be put upon the college sport by such men as these; no ruling can be made to cover them; no ruling is necessary. After all, the purity of college sport really depends on the honesty of college students, and more particularly the captains of teams. All the athletic committees in the country are powerless if they are not supported in their efforts for purification by the students and the captains. The captain's position is a most important one, and may be used as a powerful lever for good or for evil. Athletic committees can accomplish much in the good cause by exerting their influence for the election of the proper kind of men for that all-important post. It is gratifying to note that the general sentiment is for sport for sport's sake only, and that it is growing stronger among undergraduates every year.

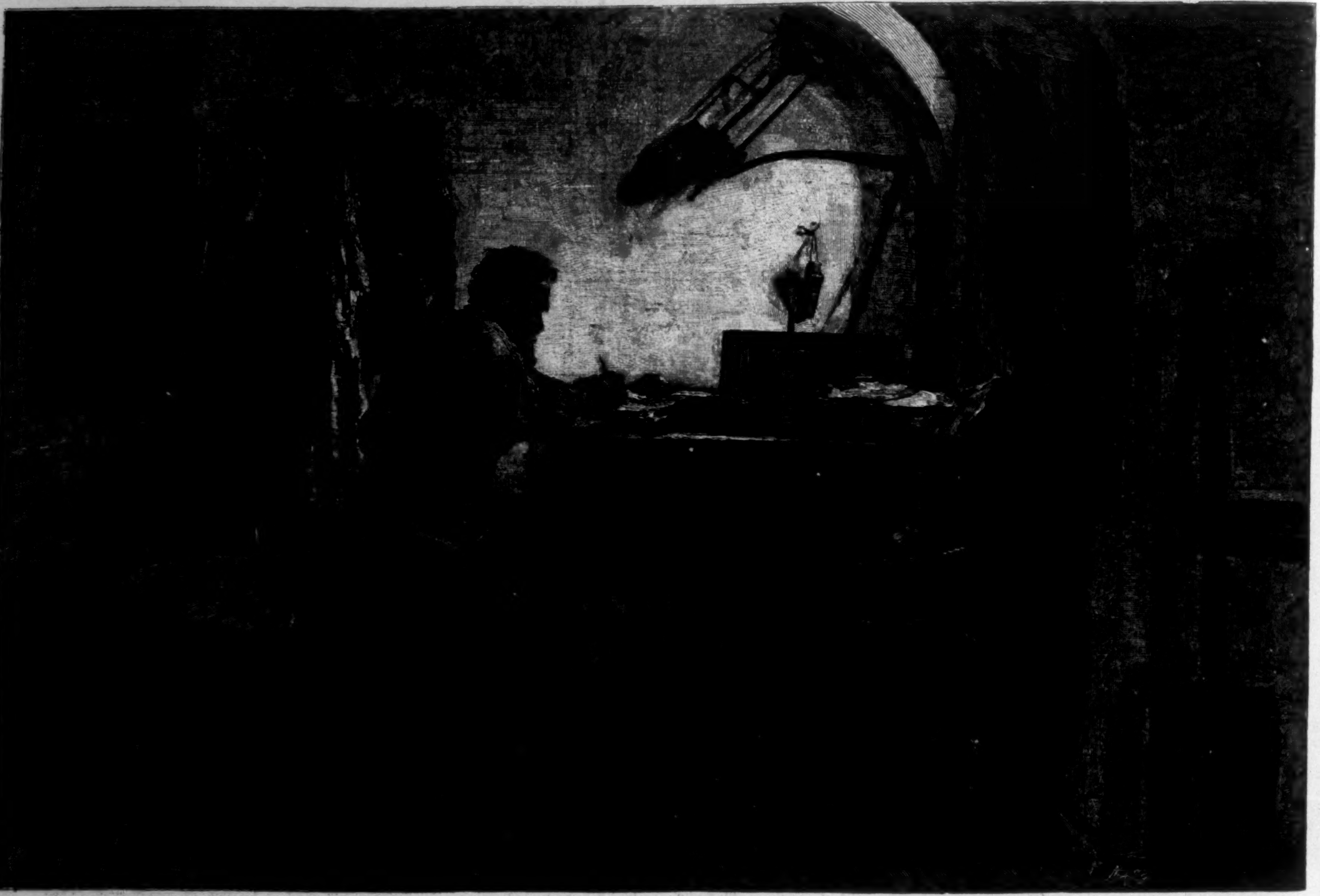
> My attention has to-day been called to some remarks of yours in a recent number of HARPER'S WEEKLY in regard to professionalism on the college baseball nines. In your observations on Catcher Ranney you single out the Dartmouth nine and that of the University of Vermont as peculiarly reprehensible in the matter of having paid players among them. As a member of one of these institutions, I should like to say a few words with reference to the charges.
>
> First, however, I beg you will allow me, as one interested in the proper development of athletics, to express to you my hearty thanks for the work you are doing in the way of awakening a more sportsmanlike and gentlemanly sentiment among college students with reference to athletics. A somewhat extended acquaintance with students in several different institutions has forced me to the conclusion that this sentiment is at an unfortunately low ebb in the colleges. The hopeful side of the matter lies, I think, in the fact that the views of students on professionalism are thoughtlessly and indeed almost unconsciously formed.
>
> It seems to me certain, too, that the present evil condition of affairs can only be thoroughly uprooted by the students themselves. Athletic committees may restrain matters to some extent, but young men may easily be matriculated under private arrangement between themselves and the students, which the faculty may never know of, or may discover too late to make action effective. There was a notable case of this kind at Williams College a few years ago. The faculty suspected professionalism, but could not prove it.
>
> At the University of Vermont the athletic committee's position is in some respects unusually difficult, and the same is true of Dartmouth College, that is, more difficult than the position of the authorities at colleges like Amherst and Williams. At the University of Vermont there is a large medical school which is composed of men, and in which there is the usual loose supervision over students that must and ought to obtain in professional schools. It is in the medical department that professionalism is most difficult to control. There were on the Vermont nine last year two men, Ranney and one other, both matriculated in the medical department, who might fairly be called professionals, that is, they were here to play baseball and for no other purpose, though of this fact the athletic committee, as then constituted, did not feel sure until the season was practically over.
>
> This year things are different. Ranney, as you know, is at Dartmouth, and students who are at the University of Vermont evidently for the purpose of ball-playing and not for work will not be allowed to play on the nine. That is one step in advance, at any rate.
>
> There is, however, another kind of student than the pure professional, who presents a somewhat perplexing problem. I will cite a particular case. There is a young man at the Vermont University at present (not a medical student) who has to work his way through college. He is in every way an excellent fellow and a faithful and earnest student. He is a good ball-player, and for the sake of having him on the nine, some of the students subscribe toward helping him in the expenses of his course. No attempt has been made to stop this, and I hardly think there will be. I suppose the young man is technically a professional, but in this individual instance I cannot regard the professionalism as *in itself* wholly objectionable.
>
> It is instructive to note that the Williams manager has been trying to get him to go to Williamstown by the offer of more money. I mention this merely to show how hard it will be for one institution to check this sort of professionalism without the co-operation of others, and of the students of others as well as the faculties. I am informed also of similar offers from Yale to students of at least one other college. I have, too, what I believe to be good authority for thinking that there were several players on the Williams nine last year who received more or less pecuniary help. Your especial severity, therefore, on the University of Vermont is, I think, rather uncalled for.
>
> These helped, or "scholarship," professionals seem to me often in individual instances to be unobjectionable, but they open the door to a system which readily becomes vicious, and since their status in a college can easily be concealed from the authorities, they can only really cease to exist by the sentiment of the students.
>
> The professional nine which has played in Burlington for the past two summers under the auspices of an association in the city has had a number of students on it from the University of Vermont, one or two from the Catholic College, and one, at any rate for one season, from Trinity College; Ranney, too, has played with them; but it is scarcely fair to identify this team with the regular university nine. By playing on it I suppose a student becomes technically a professional, but unfortunately University of Vermont students are far from being the only or the most prominent college students who have that stigma upon them. If they were, we could soon put a stop to the difficulty.
>
> I am honestly glad that you should attack college nines for anything that savors of a low tone in athletics; it is a decided help to the better cause to have you do so, but why hold up the University of Vermont as worse than others? The constitution of the Brattleborough nine, for example, and its relation to Brown University are quite as serious as anything the Vermont University can show.
>
> If you find anything in what I have written which gives you ground for hope of a higher stand in regard to professionalism in the University of Vermont, I should be very glad if you would consent to make a statement to that effect among the admirable notes which you are publishing.

THE RACQUET CHAMPIONSHIP beginning April 12th bids fair, after all, to be something of a contest. Mr. Spalding de Garmendia has returned from Cuba, and been working hard to get into form, while Mr. J. S. Tooker, at Boston, has long since worked off his sea legs, and attained form. Foxhall Keene has been playing some court tennis, but he is not yet hard enough to stand racquets, and will not play. Mr. H. H. Hunnewell, Jun., rather created a stir by defeating R. D. Sears (15–6, 18–13, 15–12) for the championship of the Boston Athletic Association, especially as he has heretofore never been looked on as belonging to the first class. In justice to Mr. Sears it must be stated that he had a bad arm; but nevertheless Mr. Hunnewell played a rattling good game, and should hereafter be reckoned in the count for winners.

CONGRATULATIONS TO MR. W. B. CURTIS, President of the Metropolitan Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, for his inauguration of a crusade against the slugger. The constant hammering on the subject has borne fruit, and at last there is a glimmer of light on the clouded horizon of amateur boxing. "Father Bill," as Mr. Curtis is affectionately known in athletic circles, is after the slugger with a sharp stick, and we are assured of some effective purification. No man in America is so fitted to do a yeoman's duty in this direction as Mr. Curtis; he is learned in athletic lore, and a tireless worker. He has brought charges of professionalism against two "amachoor" sluggers, and is on the lookout for more. Let all now unite in the movement, and make one mighty effort to exterminate this pest that too long has defiled amateur boxing and fattened on the indifference of the A. A. U.

THE THREE SUCCESSIVE GAMES with the Boston professional team last week gave reflecting spectators an opportunity of drawing several conclusions concerning the Yale nine. Nothing could have more fully verified the prediction of this column regarding the advantages of Norton's older, steadier skill. He played not the simple college player's second base, but covered the ground like a professional. He was not in the least afraid to take all chances, and his doubling was a feature. He did well with the stick, and Yale is certainly fortunate in his possession. Carter showed why Murphy fancies him for first base, and it must be con-

(*Continued on page 382.*)



TOLSTOÏ IN HIS WORK-ROOM.

A VISIT TO TOLSTOÏ.

BY JAMES CREELMAN.

I AM pleasantly reminded of a great personality and of a red-letter date in my life when I look upon the picture of Count Leo Tolstoï in his work-room. The portrait from which this engraving has been made is one of several which Rêpine, the most distinguished of modern Russian painters, has executed in recent years of his illustrious countryman. But it stands apart from all the others in that it is not only a portrait, but a living, glowing presentment of Tolstoï as he lives to-day, and as I have personally seen him in the seclusion of his chamber, simple almost as a monastic cell, through which the mystic lights and shadows play fitfully around the central figure of the giant of Russian letters. Vividly characteristic of the man and his surroundings is this masterpiece of Répine's. The very pose in which Tolstoï is represented, sitting with one leg bent under him, is his favorite attitude, which he nearly always assumes under similar circumstances, and simple as the point here made by the artist may seem, it is one of those realistic touches which invest a painter's creations with the *vraisemblance* and fidelity that go to make him great. It would be impossible to conceive anything truer to actual conditions than is the *ensemble* of this picture, and my criticism of it is based upon an intimate knowledge of the subject gained during a visit to Tolstoï at his home in Russia, made within the past twelve months.

Yasnia Poliana, where Répine painted this picture, is the rural retreat to which Tolstoï retired when he closed up house in Moscow and quit the busy world. Formerly it had been his occasional resting-place, which he often sought when wearied of the turmoil of a great city. Now it has become his permanent residence, and he intends to remain there till he dies. One of his reasons for selecting this remote hamlet for his home was that here, during his former visits, he received from the lips of the religious pilgrims passing along the high-road near the village on their way to holy places in Moscow the inspiration of his present weird and sorrowfully earnest life mood.

Yasnia Políana is a little village set on a plain at the edge of a dense forest. It consists of a few thatched huts fronting on a single rude street. There are about three hundred persons in all in the community. It is one of those primitive little republics of which the great Empire of Russia is made up, and which are governed by the Mir, or Village Council. It has no politics, and the Czar is a very distant and vague personality. Its inhabitants have little to occupy their minds outside of spinning their clothes, caring for their live-stock, tilling the soil, and rearing children. The simple two-storied white wooden building in which Count Tolstoï lives is a kind of manor-house to the semi-civilized little community. A veranda runs around the lower story, and a few hundred feet away stands a rickety stable, which shelters a few horses. The farm attached to the dwelling is neither an elaborate nor very valuable possession.

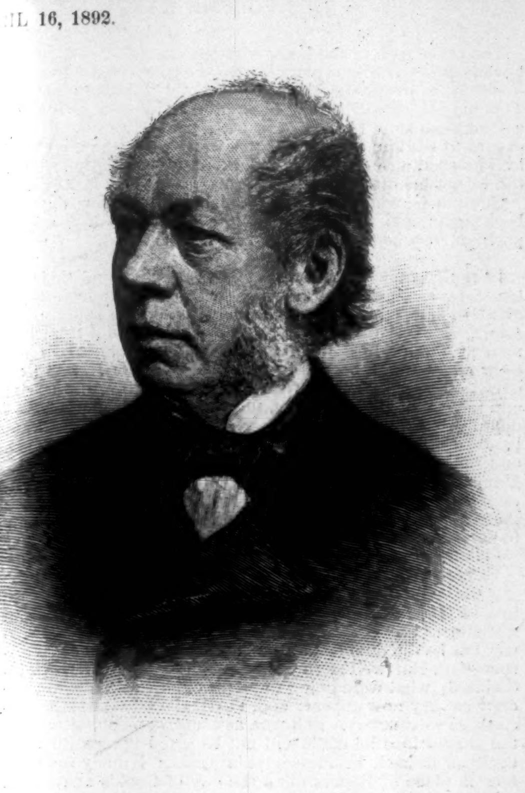
The visitor, on entering the house, finds himself in a rude, bare, uncarpeted apartment, on whose walls hang a few trophies of the chase, indicating the count's skill as a hunter. These are skins of various animals, and beside them is Tolstoï's rifle. The walls are stained by time and usage, and from pegs are suspended some half-dozen overcoats and caps, beneath which is a row of great boots of felt and leather. The visitor is welcome to the temporary use of any of these articles. From here a small door leads into an uncarpeted chamber, where the walls are lined with book-laden shelves, whose tenants are brown dusty volumes, showing signs of frequent use. This library is selected with a catholic taste, and contains the works of every philosopher from Plato to Henry George. At one end of the room is a little iron bed and wash-stand, and it was here that I slept during my visit. By the window is a table, on which is always set a bottle of ink and a pen. None other than an intense literary worker could live in such a place. Beyond this bedchamber is the count's work-room, and here a collection of shoes, in all stages of making and unmaking, accompanied by scraps of paper scribbled with notes, litter the floor. This is the place where he works and talks for hours, and almost every object in sight is some implement of honest sturdy toil. The count seldom spends less than four hours a day in this room, invariably sitting in the attitude shown in the picture—with one leg drawn under him. Upon rising in the morning he goes out for a long walk, having first taken a drink of tea from the samovar upstairs, which is always filled with the fragrant liquid. When Tolstoï, walks he does so with a stride which for its length and rapidity is something wonderful, and this fact was forcibly impressed upon me during a tramp I had with him across the fields. He usually walks a distance of three or four miles. On his return he has breakfast, always confining himself to a vegetable diet, for he regards the slaughter of dumb creatures as a useless and cruel thing. I asked him once if he did not consider the practice of felling trees, in which he himself occasionally indulges, as a destruction of life, but he replied that plants represented the least sensitive form of animation, and further, that there was some use in felling trees, but none in killing animals. Tolstoï neither drinks spirits nor uses tobacco, but for his guests he always provides both meat and wine.

Passing up stairs from the outer room already described, the visitor finds himself in a dining-room or general hall. There is absolutely no furniture in this chamber excepting a long trestled table, which is always spread, a few chairs, a piano, and a writing-table. Some portraits of the illustrious ancestors of the Tolstoï family are on the walls. The floors are uncarpeted, and there is nothing to soften or relieve the savage scantiness of the surroundings. In this apartment the count receives, upon an equal footing, prince and pauper, politician, poet, painter, and exile. No distinctions of any kind are made, and the greatest noble in Russia will here find himself sitting at the same board with one of the count's farm laborers. Countess Tolstoï does all her knitting here—a pursuit which occupies much of her time, in conjunction with the preparation of clothing for the poor, in which charitable task she is assisted by her daughter. The little boys of the family make their play-ground in this room, which is also the antechamber to the sleeping-apartments of the countess and other members of the household. Everything about the establishment is simple and plain to the last degree, and the lives of its inmates are in accordance. Life is truly real and earnest here; and when I asked the count if he thought it well for his family to live so completely apart from intercourse with the centres of cultivation, he replied: "I don't believe in moving about much. Better to stay in one spot, for roving is a mistake. A man may study and learn from his fellow-man and live a life of truth and love anywhere; the humbler his surroundings, the better."

Count Tolstoï is a firm believer in the maxim that work is a sacred duty. He always devotes four hours of every day to manual labor of some kind, either ploughing in the fields or making shoes, and he laughs at the ideas of those who despise toiling with their hands. The village shoemaker is a chosen chum of his, and they are accustomed to work together in the count's house. On his literary labors Tolstoï expends great pains, both from an intellectual and a mechanical stand-point. His manuscript is full of interlineations and erasures, and the handwriting is small, fine, and hard to read. The countess transcribes it for the printer, and I know of one instance where she made fifteen copies within a year of one of her husband's books.

So lives Leo Tolstoï, the master-mind of Russian thought, and one of three or four great thinkers who stand alone in the intellectual record of this century above and beyond all others. Thus he journeys to the goal of life, preaching and practising the sweet doctrine of man's humanity to man. His bare rude house is never closed to the hungry or the wanderer. His recent practical efforts in the cause of his starving countrymen have proved, moreover, that he is no mere theorist or dreamer, but that in the teeth of a great emergency he can be a most practical man of action. In person he is of giant frame. His face is a strong one. From beneath a massive wrinkled brow blue-gray eyes seem to look you through and through, to scan at once your outer and inner man. Powerful flat nostrils jut from between high cheek-bones. A mouth made for pity is not wholly obscured by the vast gray beard sprawling downward over a mighty chest. He dresses in peasants' clothes of the coarsest homespun, the blouse gathered at the waist by a leather belt, and his feet are shod in shoes made by his own brown sinewy hands. They are very roughly fashioned foot-wear, too. When out-of-doors in stormy weather he wears long boots, into which the ends of his trousers are stuffed.

Russia has been blessed in the possession of the Tolstoï family—a fact that has come home to her with peculiar force very recently in the presence of the famine disaster. When the cry of distress arose, a responsive echo of sympathy sounded from the quiet home at Yasnia Poliana; and not only the great recluse himself, but his self-sacrificing wife, daughters, and sons went forth without an instant's hesitation to labor amid the suffering peasants in the sweet cause of charity. From what I personally witnessed during my visit to the Tolstoïs, I can form some idea of their noble work in the famine centres. During a walk through the village, which I was privileged to enjoy in company with the great writer's daughter, I had an excellent opportunity of observing the relations maintained by his family with the villagers. Everywhere we went, whether along the highway or into the interiors of the humble houses, were evident the signs of love and veneration. Not a mujik we met but would raise his hat with intense respect, and murmur a simple benediction on my companion; and when we entered a cottage where anybody was sick, she would tenderly inquire for the patient, either offer assistance on the spot or arrange for its speedy arrival, and in every instance be hailed as a succoring angel. The deeds of this noble family long after they have passed away will smell sweet and blossom in the dust, remaining a precious memory to every Russian heart.



THE THIRD JOHN MURRAY.

THE death, on the 2d of this month, at the age of eighty-four, of the third John Murray calls up reminiscences not merely of his personal character and experiences, but of the great publishing house which, always under the name of "John Murray," is known wherever the English language is read, and which was founded a century and a quarter ago. The name of the first John Murray, by-the-way, was McMurray, and he dropped the Scotch prefix, out of deference to English prejudices, when in 1768 he resigned a commission in the Royal Marines to buy out the bookselling business of William Sandby, in Fleet Street. Although he was an adventurous man, and made experiments in periodical literature, including at least two newspapers (the *London Mercury* and the *Political Herald*) and one review (the *English*), it was not he who raised the house he had founded to that predominant position in British publishing which at one time it held without challenge. He was best known for many years as "the medical bookseller of Fleet Street," though he was the publisher of Langhorne's Plutarch, still the standard translation; of Mitford's *History of Greece*, now best remembered by Macaulay's hostile review; and of the first instalment of Isaac Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, which appeared with Murray's imprint a hundred and one years ago, two years before the death of the founder of the house of Murray.

It was the son who succeeded him who made the greatness of the house, and became the publisher of Byron, the English publisher of Irving, and the founder of the *Quarterly Review*, which, under the editorship successively of Gifford and of Lockhart, became to the Tories what the *Edinburgh* was to the Whigs—an important political factor and an important literary and social force. It is noticeable that his most conspicuously unsuccessful venture should have been one into which he was probably tempted by a hereditary friendship for Isaac Disraeli, and consisted in an attempt to establish a daily newspaper in the same rivalry to the *Times* that the *Quarterly* successfully maintained against the *Edinburgh*. It was arranged that young Benjamin Disraeli should be the editor, but his incompetency was so shining that his connection with the paper ceased before its appearance. The days of the journal were few and evil—the first being the 25th of January, 1826, and the last the 29th of the following July. According to Mr. Espinasse, from whose interesting paper on the "House of Murray" in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September, 1885, most of the facts in this notice are derived, when anybody thereafter approached Mr. Murray with a project of journalism, the publisher used to point to the thin volume which contained the complete file of the *Representative*, and observe, "Twenty thousand pounds are buried there."

Meanwhile, in his proper vocation, he continued to prosper, and to attract the most popular authors of his time. It was he whom Byron called the "Strahan, Tonson, Lintot of the times," and when Byron had a freak of retiring from authorship altogether, he wrote to Murray, "It will give me great pleasure to preserve your acquaintance, and to consider you my friend." It was Irving who, in chronicling the publication of the *Sketch-book*, said, "From that hour Murray became my publisher, conducting himself in all his dealings with that free, open, and liberal spirit which had obtained for him the well-merited appellation of the Prince of Publishers." The discordant note in the chorus of praises of authors was naturally and characteristically furnished by Carlyle, who offered the manuscript of *Sartor Resartus* to Murray, and declared that a "stupider man than the great Murray he had never encountered," or words to that effect; the meaning of which is that Murray could not make up his mind as to the ultimate commercial value of the strange thing submitted to him.

When the second John Murray died, in 1843, at the age of sixty-five, he left his son and successor an easier task than that he had himself successfully performed. The third John Murray, then a man of thirty-five, found himself the custodian of a flourishing business, and the inheritor alike of strong commercial connections and of excellent social traditions. These things he maintained to his death, in spite of the rapidly varying conditions which publishing has undergone within the last half-century even in so conservative a capital as London. One of the features of the London book trade for more than fifty years has been Murray's annual trade dinner, which is held at the Albion Tavern in Aldersgate Street, and at which, after dinner, the publications of the house are offered. Mr. Murray's private hospitality, like that of his father, has been extensive, cordial, and gracious.

It is to be expected that the illustrious imprint of "John Murray, Albemarle Street," which has been familiar to all readers of English literature since 1812, will continue to adorn the title-pages of the publications of the historic house, and this not by a common fiction of the trade, for the surviving son, John Murray fourth, has been a partner for several years. Mr. Robert Cooke, a great-grandson of the founder and a member of the firm, died recently.

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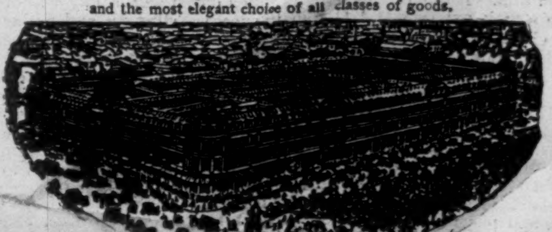

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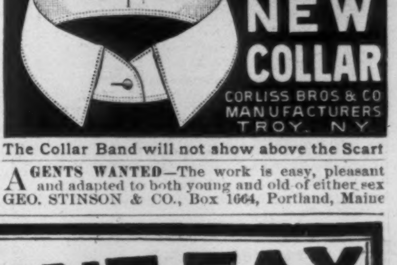

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AMATEUR SPORT.

(*Continued from page 379.*)

fessed that any short stop, or, in fact, any man in the infield, would be glad of just such a mark as Carter to throw at. Bowers showed in his second game that he has the head to make a study of the batters who face him twice. Case's may injury incapacitate him, and, if so, Captain Murphy will have the greater reason to use Carter early in the season, although Ridgeway pitched a very creditable game, and will be a good change.

The Bostons played some "baby ball," and larked not a little, so that it is hard to say just how strong either Bowers or Case was, or how the Yale batters classed; but it was evident that the collegians will have a bad tail end to their batting list. There will be two or three men at the end who will be easy prey for Highlands and Young. It does seem as though college captains and coaches would one day realize the possibility of making the weak hitters on the nine of some avail before the final games by working over them assiduously; but the old, old story is told every year—"We had two men on bases and no one out, when we came to Tom, Dick, and Harry, who went out one, two, three, and we were left." Jackson's throwing is not yet what it ought to be, and will hardly stop some of the Princeton men from taking second. Cole, although he had one passed ball, held both Case and Ridgeway very well. Kedzie was new and nervous, and the Boston batters gave him plenty to do, especially in the second game. He will have to steady down a bit before the college games.

Harvard's game on Thursday with the nine of the Manhattan Athletic Club was hardly more than a practice game, and so easy a one that it had rather a tendency to make the Cambridge men listless. At only one part of the game did they brace up and play ball, and that was when two M.A.C. men succeeded in getting on bases. We had a glimpse of what they can do when aroused. Harvard has the making of a good nine—of that there is no question; she also has a left-handed pitcher in Highlands, who bids fair to rival Young. He has great speed, some puzzling curves, and wonderfully good command of the ball. It remains to be seen how he will carry himself in the match games, when there are, say, two men on bases, and the umpire has called a couple of balls on him. It did not bother him much on Thursday, when he struck out two M.A.C. men in succession, holding two on bases; but then that game doesn't count, it was too easy. Highlands does not look like a man easily rattled, and my belief is he will make a fine record.

Of the other Harvard men we have not seen enough yet to judge. With the exception of Upton and Dickinson, they had really so little to do that one must guess at what they could have done if called on. Upton made a beautiful back stop, and filled his position well, even though he did drop some of Highlands's hot ones occasionally; he is quick, absolutely fearless, and plays ball from the start. He had only one or two opportunities of throwing to second, and he was on time in each instance. Dickinson on first was satisfactory, and he will probably play there permanently, for it is more than likely Bernie Trafford will devote all his energy to football, and not play baseball at all. Dickinson is probably a better fielder than Trafford, though not so good with the stick. Cook had a chance to make a couple of clever plays at third. The men generally hit the ball often and hard enough, but it got up into the air too much, giving easy work for the M.A.C. fielders. They run the bases pretty well, but are not very clever in playing off first, some of the sliding was badly directed, and there were a few fumbles in fielding, which, however, were not costly. There is good material in the nine, but the men have not yet played a really good team. Monday, as we are on the press, they are playing the University of Pennsylvania nine, and it should give more of an idea of what Harvard can do.

There are those, undoubtedly, that have already picked out the winning nine of the Yale-Harvard-Princeton series, but if they take the public showing of the three made thus far, they are likely to be building their speculative house on a sand foundation. It should be remembered, to begin with, that up to Saturday, the date of this writing, they have not met teams of equal strength. Princeton, taking everything into consideration, has made the best showing—has exhibited the cleanest and best team-work. They met the New York professional nine on its return from its Southern tour. Yale had the Boston's very first games, while Harvard has had nothing stronger than the Manhattan A. C. team. These facts should be weighed in making calculations. It is entirely too early, however, for even an attempt at such a thing; the men have hardly shaken off their cage form.

The Harvard crew, for this time of the year, is rowing extremely well. The men are fairly well together, and able to send their barge along at a right smart pace. But a careful analysis of the stroke they are rowing and an individual inspection of each and every man bring out many faults which must be corrected if the crimson is to win at New London.

Even for barge-rowing, the oars are too long out of water. The men have not yet learned how to gain time the first part of the recover, and still preserve the slow creeping forward the last part—that is, the stroke the Harvard crew is rowing to-day is *too short*. Too much time is wasted. It is no wonder that the crew is able to take rows of ten or twelve miles a day without making any impression upon their strength and without a man's feeling tired, for when you consider that for nearly three-quarters of each stroke they are making no effort at all, the long rows are by no means fair tests of their endurance.

Ninde, at stroke, appears to be making some progress, and yet he is not everything that could be desired for the position. Instead of *driving* the crew to its work, he is apparently satisfied to take whatever stroke the crew wishes. He should be made to realize that he is the man to *set* the stroke and govern their movements, and not allow them to dictate to him. Kelton dips too deeply—an old fault, and one that I had hoped to see him correct long before this—but otherwise his rowing is a good example for the others to follow.

The other men in the boat, with the exception of Lynam, have improved quite rapidly during the past week. Lynam, however, is dropping back into his old Bowdoin habits. This may be greatly due to the fact that the crew is rowing a stroke too slow for a man of his spirit and push. I shall expect to see him do much better work when the crew gets into its shell, and finds that it does not do to simply *ride* for three-quarters of the time.

Cummings, who was out of the boat for a few days, is back again, and the crew, with the exception of 2 and 3 position, may be considered as fairly well settled.

It does not speak well for Harvard men and their interest in rowing that the management should have such great difficulty in collecting sufficient funds to support the crew. After the victory of last year, one would think the men at Cambridge would feel willing to at least put the crew on a sound financial basis. But this is Harvard all over. She is perfectly satisfied with one victory out of six, and instead of aiding a crew, the men at Cambridge seem to delight in placing every obstacle in its way. A Harvard baseball nine had not been seen in New York for five years, and yet last Thursday when they played here against the Manhattan Athletic Club team there was not a corporal's guard of crimson men on the grand stand. It is high time that Harvard men in general took pride enough in the crew to save them the disgrace of having to beg for funds.

Captain Hartwell's eyes watered with joy when he saw the well-known form of Yale's boating mentor once more in New Haven's streets. Bob Cook had come, and with him a feeling of relief. It is true that he did not do much coaching, but he did do a deal of looking, and held long conversations with Hartwell as to what should be done with each individual; what were going to be the chief weaknesses of the crew as they now appear; and, finally, how best to strengthen those weaknesses. Bob was, as usual, non-committal, and the suggestions he made will not be acted upon with vigor until he is back in Philadelphia again. Kinney rowed at bow in place of Rogers upon the day of Cook's arrival, but the rest of the crew was the same as last week.

The good work of imposing fines on restaurant-keepers that persist in serving game out of season goes on enthusiastically. The results are very encouraging. The Association is beginning to rival some of our most popular clubs by the spread of its influence and growth of membership. Men, sportsmen, and gentlemen of culture, realizing the glorious work for the protection of our game, and what it means for the future, are continually joining, glad to add their weight to the movement, which is gradually but certainly and effectually driving the hotel and restaurant keepers out of their miserable practices of handling game out of season, and building up a sentiment of co-operation among those who have heretofore been the most flagrant offenders. As an incidence of the strength the movement is gathering, during the past month some six or eight men were fined several hundred dollars apiece for keeping game out of season. They made no attempt to combat, but instead paid the money without a murmur.

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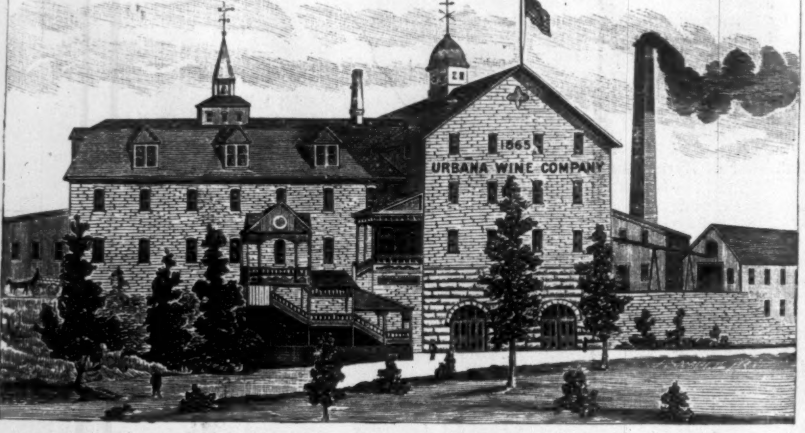

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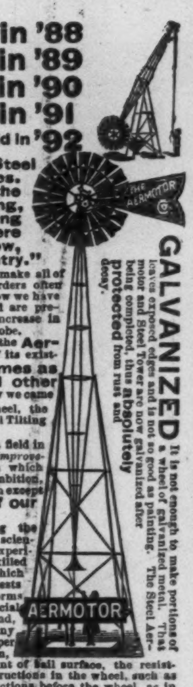
45 sold in '88
2,288 sold in '89
6,268 sold in '90
20,049 sold in '91
60,000 will be sold in '92



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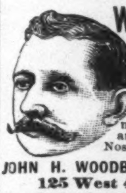

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